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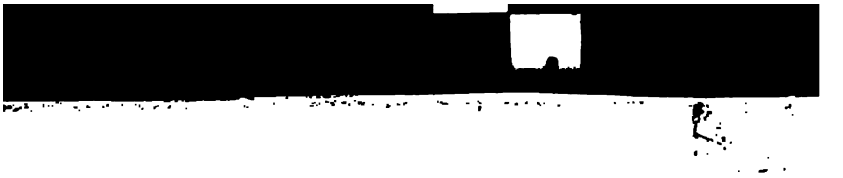
FICTIONAL RAMBLES IN AND ABOUT BOSTON



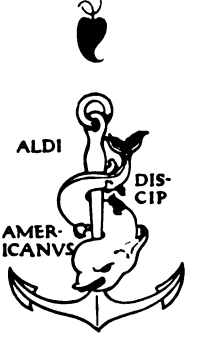
"—they journeyed to Mount Auburn Cemetery for a spear of grass from the poet's grave."—*Pier's "The Pedagogues."*

FICTIONAL RAMBLES
in & about
Boston

By

Frances Weston Carruth

Author of "Those Dale Girls," "The Way of Belinda," etc.



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To those Bostonians
My Aunts
These Rambles in Their City
Are Affectionately Inscribed

CONTENTS

PART I. IN MODERN BOSTON

PAGE

I Beacon Hill and Street . . 3
II The West End 21
III The Charles Street Neighbourhood 49
IV In and About the Common . . 61
V A Ramble Round the Public Garden 88
VI The Back Bay 109
VII The South End 144

PART II. IN OLD BOSTON

I About the Wharves 157
II The Heart of the Old North End 176
III In and Around Dock Square . 204

CONTENTS

IV STATE STREET AND THE KING'S CHAPEL NEIGHBOURHOOD . . PAGE 220
V WHEN COMMERCIAL BOSTON WAS RESIDENTIAL 245
VI IN TREMONT STREET AND MUSIC HALL 267

PART III. ABOUT BOSTON

I CAMBRIDGE AND LEXINGTON . . 283
II HARVARD 313
III WESTWARD 339
IV TOWARD THE BLUE HILLS . . 346
V NAHANT AND NANTASKET . . . 365

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Longfellow's Grave . . . . . FRONTISPIECE

The gilded dome of the State House 5

The Old Beacon 8

The Athenæum 11

An Ancestral Home in Mrs. Moulton's "*Miss Eyre*" . . . 13

Tablet marking site of Hancock House 15

The home of Mildred Wentworth 17

The semi-circular windows of the Somerset Club.—*Crawford's "American Politician"* 19

Beacon Steps.—*Howells's "A Woman's Reason"* 23

Mount Vernon Place 27

41 Mount Vernon Street—the home of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis 28

48 Mount Vernon Street—the home of the Coreys 29

The perfect Gothic arch formed by the trees that line both sides of Mount Vernon Street.—*Helen Reed's "Miss Theodora"* 31

No. 59 Mount Vernon Street 35

A row of old houses in Mount Vernon Street 39

82 Mount Vernon Street—the home of the Randolphs . . . 41

Home of Rose Jenness in "*Two Bites at a Cherry*" . . . 42

Louisburg Square—former homes of Louisa Alcott and Mr. Howells 43

73 Pinckney Street—the home of the Lacys 46

African Methodist Church, 68 Charles Street 50

The Church of the Advent and Clergy House, Brimmer Street. 51

Charles Street 54

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

The Telescope in the Mall 63

Ticknor Mansion. Union Club. Park Street Church. Mall 65

The Common 69

The Long Path 73

The Pond in the Hollow 77

Cows on the Common 81

The Liberty Tree 85

The Public Garden 91

The Statue of Washington, near Commonwealth Avenue . . 96

Venus Fountain in the Public Garden 97

The Swan Boats 99

The Arlington Street Church from under the Kilmarnock willow by the pond in the Public Garden 103

An Apothecary's Window, Mentioned in James's "*Bostonians*" 105

The Home of Mrs. Mesh in Arlington Street 107

Home of Mrs. Adams ("*Truth Dexter*") in Beacon Street . . 108

The Harvard Bridge—part of the Back Bay 111

296 Beacon Street (The Oval Doorway), the home of "*The Autocrat.*" 302, the home of Mr. Howells 120

Marlborough Street 122

Mrs. Rangeley's house on Marlborough Street.—*Arlo Bates's* "*The Puritans*" 123

The Home of the Maxwells 124

The Home of the Chauncey Wilsons 125

The Avenue through the Park 126

The St. Botolph Club—No. 2 Newbury Street 127

233 Clarendon Street—the home of the late Bishop Brooks . 128

Trinity Church 129

Interior Trinity Church 133

The Library 137

The Museum 139

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

The latter-day edition of the historic Old South Church . . 141

Concord Square 145

28 Rutland Square—the home of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton 152

The Shipping at the foot of State Street 159

The inspiration of a bit of Hawthorne allegory 164

The old Salt House, where Hawthorne wrote "*The Scarlet Letter*" 167

The Lieutenant-Governor's elegant mansion 178

Frankland's house 182

The Home of Paul Revere 183

Salutation Alley 186

The Old North Church 189

Home of the M'Murtaghs.—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold"* . . . 193

The house on Hull Street, where Gage is said to have planned the Battle of Bunker Hill 194

Copp's Hill Burying Ground 195

The spot from which Lionel Lincoln watched the battle of Bunker Hill 199

The House of John Tileston in Bynner's "*Zachary Phips*" . 201

Union (Boston) Stone 206

Faneuil Hall 207

The old Brasier Inn 210

A bookshop in Cornhill 211

The Old State House 221

The Old Colony Bank 226

Burying-ground by King Charles' Chapel 231

Kings Chapel 235

Interior of King's Chapel 239

Greenough's Statue of Benjamin Franklin—City Hall . . . 242

The Corner Bookstore 243

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Old South Church 259
Province House 265
Grave of Benjamin Woodbridge 270
Entrance to the Music Hall 275
Mansion at Medford 287
Christ Church Graveyard 291
Birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes 295
Washington Elm 298
The Longfellow Mansion 299
Elmwood 303
The Road to Concord 307
Monroe Tavern—Lexington 308
Lexington Common 310
The Lexington Minute Man 311
The Johnston Memorial Gate and Harvard Hall 317
The College Yard 321
The Library 325
Holworthy 329
Memorial Hall 335
Country Club, Brookline 342
The Upper Charles River 345
The Governor Shirley Mansion 351
Jamaica Pond 354
A Roxbury Garden 355
The Quincy-Butler Mansion 359
The Stream.—*Stimson's "King Noanett"* 363
The Cliff.—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold"* 366
Pulpit Rock, Nahant 369
Nantasket Beach 375

INTRODUCTORY

"Come, seek the air; some pictures we may gain
Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain."

HOLMES.

A WORLD of fascinating romance unfolds itself to those who seek to identify the homes and haunts of the characters in Boston fiction. If, as the great dramatist has told us, it is the part of the poet's genius to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, it may interest the admirer and follower of the makers of fiction to devote himself to searching out and giving permanence to persons and localities which, though in sober fact they never had any existence, yet have been and always will be as real as any historic characters of the past; forming a drama of life such as is woven by the artist

in colours so vivid and impressive that the actors become a part of ourselves—their haunts and habitations to be individualized, identified and held in tender remembrance.

To the traveler the Old World owes its attractiveness quite as much to the creations of Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Balzac, Hugo and Dumas as to the princes, statesmen and soldiers of whose births and deaths history tells us with so much pomp and precision. It was said by an admirer of Henry Esmond that the charm of the Potomac River was not in the military associations so inseparably blended with it, but in the fact that on its banks Esmond and the woman who had so patiently waited for his wooing had established themselves; linking the noble Virginia stream with the memories of the Stuarts and Addison, with the English meadows and with the campaigns of Marlborough. Gibraltar's towering might impressed a devotee of Marryat not as being England's gateway fortress of the Mediterranean, held more than once against a world

in arms, but as the scene of the exploits of Mr. Midshipman Easy and the discomfiture of the surly boatswain. Every year a throng of tourists wander through the land of Evangeline asking persons native to the soil to point out localities whose names, as a rule, mean nothing to them who are questioned, unless, perchance, they may have read Longfellow's immortal poem. Robinson Crusoe's island has been explored as thoroughly as for buried treasure — the seekers looking not for gold or jewels, but to identify the spring, the cave, or the spot on the sands where Robinson was startled by the solitary footprint.

So Boston has been the scene of much that will live in American fiction ; but it may be doubted if it has yet fulfilled all that may be required of it by the poet or novelist. For many years it was *the* town not only of New England, but of North America, leading politically and commercially as well as intellectually, but the men who gave it world-wide fame in literature were not writing fiction.

Puritan theology stamps the first Boston literature which, gradually showing a tendency toward broader development, took the form of essays and poetry. About 1830 Nathaniel P. Willis, Boston bred but not born, was the foremost young American writer. "Longfellow was not yet conspicuous," says Holmes. "Lowell was a schoolboy. Emerson was unheard of. Whittier was beginning to make his way against the writers with better educational advantages whom he was destined to outdo and outlive. . . . If the reader wishes to see the bubbles of reputation that were floating, some of them gay with prismatic colours, half a century ago, he will find in the pages of a small volume entitled *Truth, A Gift For Scribblers*, a long catalogue of celebrities he never heard of."

Of all the brilliant classic-literature-making group which later centered about Emerson and Longfellow, only Hawthorne and Holmes strayed into the realms of fiction. James Russell Lowell, perhaps, should be included, for he

published a novel called *My First Client* which met with a dubious fate and long ago disappeared. Those were the days when "Literature in Boston," says Mr. Howells, "was so respectable and often of so high a lineage that to be a poet was not only to be good society, but almost to be good family." As poet and essayist, Holmes, "the last leaf upon the tree," wrote of the Boston which he knew and loved with a deeper sense of kinship and affection than any of his contemporaries. But the scenes of his fiction are with one exception away from the city by him dubbed "the Hub." This exception is *The Guardian Angel*—one of what an old lady called his "medicated novels," to the great amusement of the author.

In spite of all that novelists have had to say about Boston, to Mr. Arlo Bates belongs the distinction of having presented it in kaleidoscopic form. The many-sidedness of the town and the marked characteristics of its people which stamp them Bostonese the world over pervade his novels, giving them an intense

localism which is never provincialism. He strikes the true key in presenting it on its æsthetical, ethical, fashionable, practical and religious sides — the evolution of modern Boston emerging from pro-Puritanism. This, in a more or less degree, is the Boston we find in the pages of such fiction as *Truth Dexter*, *The Sentimentalists*, *Margaret Warrener*, *The Turn of the Road*, *Miss Brooks*, *Ballantyne* and *Her Boston Experiences*. Mr. Howells, a dominant writer of Boston fiction, saturating his pages with its business, social and intellectual atmosphere, personifies varied types, which, photographic as they are, fail to present certain phases of the genuine Bostonese. This may be because of his tendency to draw "*a* Bostonian, not *the* Bostonian," which was Dr. Holmes's way of putting it in referring to one of his characters. *The Bostonians* was chosen by Henry James as the title for a novel in which he finds ample space for elaborate and brilliant analysis of women of the class of Olive Chancellor, among whom the movement

for the emancipation of their sex was rampant; other and equally strenuous types appear in the pages of his *New England Winter*. A brilliant literary and legal light of Boston, Judge Robert Grant, has purposely refrained, he says, from giving his novels a Boston setting, and one looks in vain through his fiction for the streets and monuments of his native city. Politically, Mr. Crawford with *An American Politician* and Mr. Wainwright with *A Child of the Century* have the field pretty much to themselves. Delightful and thoroughly genuine are the Bostonians of Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, while we turn to Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis's *The Barclays of Boston* for a picture of fashionable life in the Hub in the fifties. Other phases of this and an earlier period are depicted in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's fiction and in such novels as Mr. Stimson's *Pirate Gold*, Miss Cummins's *The Lamplighter*, and Mr. Trowbridge's *Martin Merrivale*. The old colonial town, rich in history and

traditions, strongly appealed as a background for romance to Hawthorne, Cooper, Bynner and Lydia Child.

Writers of Boston fiction have as a rule made use of the actual street nomenclature, which greatly aids the rambler to discover in fact or conjure up in imagination real or fictitious haunts and habitations. Much of this nomenclature is picturesque and interesting as reminiscent of the city's history. In that part of the town known as the North End the crooked, narrow, winding streets such as Fleet, Moon, Garden Court, Prince, and Hanover are suggestive of the old London so dear to the heart of the early colonists. Every Bostonian knows that Beacon Hill and street take their name from the old beacon erected in 1634 on the summit of the hill; that Tremont Street is from Traemount or Tri-Mountain which the settlement was first called; that Shawmut Avenue gets its name from the peninsula. More modern is the broad avenue named for the Commonwealth and running across it the street

named for the State. The great Copley and the lesser Allston are suggestive of the art world; Blackstone, Franklin, and Boylston are remembered while now and then the name of a national hero appears on the lamp-posts, as in the recent instance of Dewey Square.

IN MODERN BOSTON

I. BEACON HILL AND STREET

TRUE to the traditions of the Bostonese, all the fiction writers of the city pay their tribute to the State House with its splendid gilded dome, which stands on the summit of Beacon Hill.

Around the green, in morning light,
The spired and palaced summits blaze,
And, sunlike, from her Beacon height
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays.

"High in the air, poised in the right place, over everything that clustered below, the most felicitous object in Boston — the gilded dome of the State House," writes Henry James in *A New England Winter*. Mrs. Campbell's Ballantyne, in her novel of that name, returning to Boston from the west, stretched his arms to

the gilded dome, as if he would embrace it and all Boston at once. And the Autocrat's most celebrated saying is, "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." Again and again he lovingly reverts to it. "Boston," at another time he writes, "has glorified her State House and herself at the expense of a few sheets of gold-leaf laid on the dome, which shines like a sun in the eyes of her citizens, and like a star in those of the approaching traveller."

Opposite the State House steps the fictional rambler finds the impressive Shaw monument where Mr. Pier's vacillating hero of *The Sentimentalists* paused to ponder on the contrast of the fine young soldier's life with his. He had come up to the gray marble slab, says the author, rising from the edge of the Common. "On the other side of it was the bas-relief in bronze of Robert Shaw, leading his coloured men. Vernon had passed the memorial with-

"High in the air, poised in the right place, over everything that clustered below, the most felicitous object in Boston—the gilded dome of the State House."—*Henry James's "New England Winter."*

"He stretched his arms to the gilded dome as if he would embrace it and all Boston at once."—*Helen Campbell's "Ballantyne."*

out raising his eyes, but now as he stood at a distance, with only a glimpse of the back of the monument, the form and features of the unfaltering young soldier were outlined in his mind, with the thought, 'And he was not as old as I when he died.'"

On the eastern side of the State House has been erected a shaft to mark the site of the old beacon which first threw its light across the adjacent waters.

> *One stately summit from its shaft shall pour*
> *Its deep red blaze along the darkened shore;*
> *Emblem of thought, that, kindling far and wide,*
> *In danger's night shall be a nation's guide,*

sings the poet Holmes in *A Rhymed Lesson.* The stately summit was frequently climbed by the redcoats of Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln* for a better view of the doings of the town. Here the scene of the novel opens in April, 1775, with a large group of spectators spreading from its conical summit far down the eastern declivity, all gazing intently on a distant sail making toward the harbour. Under the beacon, beside

the tall post that supported the grate, Ralph,

"One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
Its deep red blaze along the darkened shore;
Emblem of thought, that, kindling far and wide,
In danger's night shall be a nation's guide."—*Holmes*.

echoed by Job, reproached Major Lincoln for his loyalty to the King's cause. Down its steep decline, in their childhood, Lincoln's cousins, Cecil and Agnes, many a time went coasting.

At the northeast corner of Beacon Street, across from the State House, in a house recently torn down, lived the hero of a Hawthorne romance entitled *My Kinsman, Major Molineux.* This tale is woven about a zealous Boston patriot named Molineux who died in 1774, and a rather amusing light is thrown upon Hawthorne's story of him by a contemporary writer, who* says: "It is a curious irony of fate that Major Molineux should have a false place in literature at the hands of both Longfellow and Hawthorne. The despite done to his memory by the former is less serious than that of the latter. In the Tales of a Wayside Inn in the prelude, the poet writes of the famous hostelry:

And flashing on the window pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade,
The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

It is not needed to know the character and position of the 'great Major' to see that the 'jovial rhymes' were not written by him but by

* Bates's *Writing Masters before the Revolution.*

his son, who signed his name to them on the pane. These are the rhymes:

What do you think
Here is good drink
Perhaps you may not know it.
If not in haste
Do stop and taste
You merry folks will show it.
Boston, 24th June, 1774.
William Molineaux, Jr.

Not long after William Junior was roughly handled in an altercation with some of the Welsh troops. The sentiments of the family were well known to the soldiers. Longfellow says: 'Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.' If the reader will turn to *A Snow Image and Other Twice Told Tales*, it will be seen that the kind of immortality given the 'great Major' by Hawthorne is of doubtful value; in short, it completely reverses his character and sends him down to posterity as a hated Tory, tarred and feathered by outraged neighbours. At the culmination of his story Hawthorne writes, 'Right before Robin's eyes was an uncovered

cart. There the torches blazed brightest, there the moon shone out like day, and there in tar

"When she came to the Athenæum, she was so tired that she decided to take refuge beneath its friendly shelter."—*Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks."*

and feathery dignity sat his kinsman, Major Molineux.'" All of which may be resented by

the historian; but fiction is not fact and the charm of Hawthorne lies in his romancing.

East of the site of the Molineux house is the Hotel Bellevue, where for many years Louisa M. Alcott stayed when she came down from Concord. Opposite it stands the old Athenæum, soon to be removed to the Back Bay, but on its present site a landmark and distinctive Boston institution. This aristocratic library has been frequented by many characters in the fiction of Boston. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis tells us that old Mr. Edgerton daily read the newspapers there; Henry James's Mrs. Daintry (*A New England Winter*) made remarkably free use of it; two of his *Bostonians*, Olive and Verena, in pursuit of their studies, had innumerable big books from it; in *Hitherto*, Mrs. Whitney's Hope Devine was a little bit shocked at standing face to face with some of its statuary, particularly the Venuses, and had been half afraid of the Laocoön. Janet Brooks (*Miss Brooks*), Mary's younger sister, took shelter in its vestibule on a

stormy day, and to her infinite relief and

"Nan lived in an ancestral home where British officers had danced stately minuets when Massachusetts was a colony."—*Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's "Miss Eyre."*

pleasure was there discovered later by John Graham.

In colonial times and until 1863 there stood just west of the State House, in Beacon Street, the Hancock mansion, than which, as all who recall it will testify, there was never a more stately or picturesque house. It was surrounded by a beautiful garden, and many a Bostonian can yet sniff the delicious fragrance of the lilacs which clustered about the door and over the wall, perfuming the whole neighbourhood in the spring. Its owner, Hancock, its traditions and associations are richly historical, and it is not without fictional interest as well. Hancock appears in the pages of Chambers's *Cardigan*, where the hero thus describes him: "He was young, handsome, decidedly vain, though quite free from affectation of speech or gesture. . . . He wore an apple-green coat, white silk stockings, very large silver buckles on his pumps, small-clothes of silver-net, tied at the knees with pea-green ribbons, which fell to his ankles, and much expensive lace at his throat and cuffs."

It is probable that the Hancock House was

the one Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis had in mind in picturing Mr. Edgerton's home in *The Bar-*

"We turn away from the old mansion so easily conjured up by the imagination and see in reality on a low iron fence, a tablet which marks the site upon which it stood."

clays of Boston. Calling it the Amory mansion in *Miss Eyre*, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton

also uses it as a setting for her Nan Amory, who "lived in an ancestral home where British officers had danced stately minuets when Massachusetts was a colony." Nan is introduced to us in the thick of Theosophical winter. "It always is the something winter in that wonderful city," says Mrs. Moulton, "but perhaps nothing else had ever taken hold of it as did Theosophy. If you went out to drink five-o'clock tea and shake hands with your neighbours, you found the company broken up into groups, and in the centre of each one some eloquent woman discoursing of reincarnation, and Karma, and Devachan." Reluctantly we turn away from the old mansion, so easily conjured up by the imagination, and see in reality on a low iron fence a tablet which marks the site upon which it stood.

A few steps up the street, in a house now occupied by Dr. Paul, we can imagine dear little Mildred Wentworth (T. B. Aldrich's *A Christmas Phantasy*) in her blue room overlooking the Common, having her deliciously

fantastic day-dreams in the midst of her new Christmas toys. Farther down the hill, at No.

"In her blue room overlooking the Common was little Mildred Wentworth in the midst of her Christmas toys."—*T. B. Aldrich's "Christmas Fantasy."*

40, is the stoop where Margaret Allston had one of the first of *Her Boston Experiences*, and which house, she says, is in the one block

in that locality where certain families honourably continue their ancestral line.

In this part of Beacon Street lived May Calthorpe, that diverting young woman in Mr. Bates's *Love In a Cloud.* "The dwelling was rather a gloomy nest for so bright a bird as May. Respectability of the most austere New England type pervaded the big drawing-room. The heavy old furniture was as ugly as original sin, and the pictures might have ministered to the Puritan hatred for art. Little was changed from the days when May's grandparents had furnished their abode according to the most approved repulsiveness of their time. Only the brightness of the warm April sun shining in at the windows, and a big bunch of dark red roses in a crystal jug, lightened the formality of the stately apartment."

In the middle of this block is the vine-covered, ultra-exclusive Somerset Club, where Warren Hartwell put in half his days before he met Margaret Allston. It was also the rendezvous of Marion Crawford's *American*

"I always peer around for a fleeting glance of Priscillas, John Aldens, or other far-away people who rightfully belong among those quaint old houses, still breathing out history and romance."—*Margaret Allston's "Boston Experiences."*

"Vancouver was fond of standing in one of the semicircular windows of the Somerset Club."—*Crawford's "American Politician."*

Politician and his friends, one of whom, Vancouver, was particularly fond of standing in one of the semi-circular windows and watching the passers-by. At the corner below is the smaller Puritan Club, likewise a haunt of Warren Hartwell's; and of Vernon Kent, one of the sentimentalists in Mr. Pier's novel of that name. The atmosphere of this locality is sympathetically expressed by the heroine of *Her Boston Experiences*, who says she "always peers around for a fleeting glance of Priscillas, John Aldens, or other far-away people who rightfully belong among those quaint old houses, still breathing out history and romance."

II. THE WEST END

FOR the western and northern slopes of Beacon Hill many novelists have a strong predilection, notably Mr. Howells, who, particularly on the northern side of the hill, finds in the homely life of the unfashionable residents ample material for the por-

trayal of certain types of Bostonians which he presents to us with such fidelity. These are "those old-fashioned thoroughfares at the West End of Boston which are now almost wholly abandoned to boarding-houses of the poorer classes. Yet they are charming streets," and in them lived the Hallecks, the Hubbards (*A Modern Instance*), Lemuel Barker (*The Minister's Charge*), Dr. Olney, Rhoda Aldgate and Mrs. Meredith (*An Imperative Duty*), and many other of Mr. Howells's fictitious characters. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, too, is partial to this locality with its "streets of charming houses without any modern improvements over behind Beacon Hill, and beyond the State House. In her recent story, *Miss Theodora*, Helen Leah Reed gives us a delightful series of pictures of the old West End.

Number 9 Beacon Steps (Howells's *A Woman's Reason*) is given as the residence of Joshua Harkness and his daughter Helen. "The house was rather old-fashioned, and it was not furnished in the latest taste, but it

"BEACON STEPS."—HOWELLS'S "A WOMAN'S REASON."

"Streets of charming houses over behind Beacon Hill and beyond the State House."—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Hitherto."*

made the appeal with which things out of date or passing out of date touch the heart." Beacon Steps is not Beacon Street, says Mr. Howells in the novel, "but it is of like blameless social tradition."

As an actual street it never had any existence in fact, but the name was suggested to Mr. Howells by a short flight of steps which lead down from the State House to Temple Street, and though no definite house was intended, this was the locality he had in mind. In another of his novels, *A Modern Instance*, his Clover Street is in reality Myrtle Street, where, a few doors from Joy Street, is the little house rented by the Bartley Hubbards. "It seemed absurdly large to people who had been living for the past seven months in one room; and the view of the Back Bay from the little bow-window of the front chamber added all outdoors to their superfluous space." To the east of them, at 63 Hancock Street, is the boarding-house to which Janet (Eliza Orne White's *Miss Brooks*) came in search of young Rheinhart.

Passing down Derne Street and through Bowdoin Street, we come to Bulfinch Place, on the right, called Canary Place by Mr. Howells, who finds lodgings there for the Bartley Hubbards shortly after they came to Boston. Here, too, on the southern side of the street, is the Hotel Waterson, described in *The Minister's Charge* as the St. Albans, where Barker worked in various capacities until (in the novel) the hotel burned. North of this, in Bowdoin Square, is the Revere House, in and around which transpires much of *An Imperative Duty*. The Bartley Hubbards also stopped at this hotel, where Bartley entered his name on the register with a flourish. Brilliantly lighted Bowdoin Square and the high-pillared portico of the Revere House were also wonderingly observed on his wanderings by Barker's *The Minister's Charge*. This hotel was one much patronized by Mr. and Mrs. Howells during their residence in Belmont when, attending social functions or the theatre in Boston, they found it more convenient to

spend the night in town. "Some colour of my prime impressions has tinged the fictitious

"That commodious nook which is known as Mount Vernon Place."—*Henry James's "A New England Winter."*

experiences of people in my books," Mr. Howells says in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances.*

If we now climb "those up-hill streets that converge to the State House," and stop at the

top of the Hill, we come directly under the shadow of the dome, to "that commodious nook which is known as Mt. Vernon Place," in

41 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS

which resided Henry James's Miss Lucretia Daintry (*A New England Winter*)—delightful Miss Lucretia, "who wore her bonnet as scientifically poised as the dome of the State House, and had in an eminent degree the physiognomy, the accent, the costume, the conscience, and the little eyeglass of her native place."

48 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF THE COREYS

"The whole place wears an air of aristocratic seclusion."—*Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham."*

North of this "nook" is Mount Vernon Street, in which lived an astonishing number

of fictitious persons, whose literary creators give it a preference over Beacon Street as an aristocratic residential thoroughfare. A fine old house, Number 41, at the corner of Joy Street, was the home of Miss Mehitable Quincy, whom we meet in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's *Miss Eyre*. This house has interest in fact as well as fiction, for here lived that brilliant woman, novelist and social leader, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who wrote *The Barclays of Boston* there.

A few doors down on the same side of the street is Number 48, the home of the Coreys (Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*). This house is now a small hotel called the Curtis, but was formerly the home of one of Mr. Howells's friends, and its entrance and part of the interior remain as when he knew and described it. To many, Bromfield Corey is by far the most delightful of Mr. Howells's creations, and it is with pleasure that we meet him in more than one of the author's books. No one forgets that memorable dinner given for the Laphams

"The perfect Gothic arch formed by the trees that line both sides of Mount Vernon Street."
—*Helen Reed's "Miss Theodora."*

by the Coreys, in the reading of which we can scarcely be made to believe that we are not actually attending it, so strong is Mr. Howells's realistic touch. Familiar with the dining room we are keenly interested in the rest of the house, and delighted when we are permitted by the author to wander into Mr. Corey's sanctum, the library, where Lemuel Barker (*The Minister's Charge*) "found himself dropped in the midst of a luxury stranger than the things they read of in those innumerable novels. The dull, rich colours on the walls, the heavily rugged floors and dark wooded leathern seats of the library where he read to the old man; the beautiful forms of the famous bronzes, and the Italian saints and martyrs in their baroque or Gothic frames of dim gold; the low shelves with their ranks of luxurious bindings, and all the seriously elegant keeping of the place flattered him out of his strangeness." Corey, at this time, it will be remembered, was alone at home while his family were at the shore, because he "would rather be blind

in Boston than telescopic at Beverly or any other summer resort."

Looking down from the Coreys, we get a most beautiful view of "the perfect Gothic arch formed by the trees that line both sides of Mount Vernon Street" (Helen Reed's *Miss Theodora*). At Number 59, at the top of the hill, we find the home of the poet and novelist, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. His near neighbour is the imaginary Mrs. Buskirk (Pier's *The Sentimentalists*), who lives in one of this "row of stately fine old houses, with little plots of lawn in front and high iron fences; they were of four high-ceilinged stories with well-proportioned bay-windows and deep vestibules, in which were tall jars of plants and palms." In his *Two Bites at a Cherry*, Mr. Aldrich speaks of crisp crocuses blooming in these little front yards in the spring.

Mr. Arlo Bates rarely has an actual house in mind in describing residences, but so real to him are the homes of his characters that he has fallen into the way, he says, of inserting an

NO. 59 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

imaginary house in the desired locality. So, though the fiction rambler may not literally number them, he can pretty safely conclude that in this block of Mount Vernon Street lived Mrs. Gore (*The Puritans*), in whose drawing-room occurred the Persian reading when "Persian was the latest ethical caprice," and one of the forms of the "ethical jugglery, the spiritual and intellectual gymnastics such as the Bostonians love." Here we also find "the iron gate which, between stately stone posts, shuts off the domain of the Frostwinches (*The Puritans*) from the world, and marked with dignity the line between the dwellers on Mount Vernon Street, and the rest of the world." If we follow Ashe and Mrs. Fenton into the drawing-room of this house, we enter "an apartment whose very walls were incrusted with conservative traditions. . . . The chief decoration, one felt, was the air of the place's having been inhabited by generations of socially immaculate Boston ancestors. There was a savor of lineage amounting almost to

godliness in the dark, self-contained parlours; and if pedigree were not in this dwelling imputed for righteousness, it was evidently held in becoming reverence as the first of virtues."

In this exclusive neighbourhood must have lived Peter Calvin (*The Philistines*), "a wealthy and well-meaning man against whom but two grave charges could be made—that he supposed the growth of art in this country to depend largely upon his patronage, and that he could never be persuaded not to take himself seriously. Mr. Calvin was regarded by Philistine circles in Boston as a sort of re-incarnation of Apollo, clothed upon with modern enlightenment, and properly arrayed in respectable raiment."

Judge Rathmire, whose fortunes were so closely intermingled with *The Curse of the Old South Church*, is described in that novel as living in splendid style in Mount Vernon Street. A view of the charming block of houses before which we have been loitering was to be had by the Kents (Pier's *The Senti-*

"The iron gate which, between stately stone posts, shuts off the domain of the Frostwinches from the world."—*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*

"A row of stately fine old houses, with little plots of lawn in front and high iron fences."—*A. S. Pier's "The Sentimentalists."*

mentalists), who lived directly opposite in a thin, flat-fronted house by which Mr. Pier

82 MOUNT VERNON STREET—THE HOME OF THE RANDOLPHS

"He had almost reached their house when he saw a slender girl coming down the steps."—*Miss White's "Miss Brooks."*

meant anyone of the several that answers to this description. Below the Kents on the same side of the street at Number 82, is the house

in which the creator of the happy-go-lucky Randolphs (Miss White's *Miss Brooks*) im-

"One of the last spells of the past was lifted for him when he saw strange faces looking out of those sun-purpled window-panes."—*T. B. Aldrich's "Two Bites at a Cherry."*

agined them as living. Here the Brooks girls stayed with their sister when they were in town, while on the steps of this house Janet had that chance encounter with John which so changed the current of her life.

LOUISBURG SQUARE—FORMER HOMES OF LOUISA ALCOTT AND MR. HOWELLS

"Having wandered into the neighbourhood of Louisburg Square, he suddenly recalled that one of the old household lived here."—*Helen Campbell's "Ballantyne."*

John T. Wheelwright, to whose *Child of the Century* we have made allusion, lives at Number 99 Mount Vernon Street, and wandering from here through Willow and into Chestnut Street we find a few steps up the hill a beautiful and well-preserved old house which answers to the description of the home of Rose Jenness in Aldrich's *Two Bites at a Cherry*. Whitelaw, the hero of this story, returning to Boston after fifteen years' absence, found "people whom nobody knew occupied the old mansion. One of the last spells of the past was lifted for him when he saw strange faces looking out of those sun-purpled window-panes." This picturesque, vine-covered residence was at one time the home of Edwin Booth, and is now used as a private school for boys.

Returning through Willow Street and crossing Mount Vernon we come into quaint old Louisburg Square, where, on the south side we find the former homes, a few doors apart, of Louisa M. Alcott and Mr. Howells. At Num-

ber 2 Silas Lapham and his associates first came into being, though the book was not

73 PINCKNEY STREET—THE HOME OF THE LACYS

completed until after the novelist had moved to Beacon Street. In this Square John (Mrs. Campbell's *Ballantyne*) found charming Mrs. LeBaron living; and overlooking the Square,

in Pinckney Street, was Marion's former home, where years later, advised by Mrs. LeBaron, Ballantyne found lodgings in the then "anti-modern street." This house is Number 73, given over to boarders or lodgers, among whom one might have discovered Craighead (*Truth Dexter*) before he married.

The character of this once aristocratic street is in these days very similar to the change in other parts of the Hill. This is remarked upon by Anna Farquhar (*Her Boston Experiences*), who says that this is the section reputed to be Bohemia. "The majority of the old homes in Pinckney Street are converted into lodging-houses, although a few professional families still occupy an entire house apiece. There are to be found rooming spinsters of Mayflower descent, generally poor connections of the same families residing in Beacon Street not far away, — near enough to mention frequently and intimately; musicians; newspaper people; painters; incipient authors and a few full-fledged; teachers; composers; im-

pecunious youths with high spirits and one 'dress suit' among several; female typewriters and private secretaries. Here is the freedom of the Latin Quarter, with but a small amount of its license. . . . In truth, this Boston Bohemia stands for good spirits and innocent unconventionality, and is several times more virtuous than Boston society, no matter how pretentiously and flamboyantly the little country tries to disprove its virtue."

This is the atmosphere of that recent and brilliant Boston novel, *Margaret Warrener*, though it is evident that the author, Miss Alice Brown, is purposely vague in locating that interesting colony which she calls Babine. And in Pinckney Street, we are sure, was the cosy third floor sitting-room of that splendid woman and sculptor, Helen Greyson (Arlo Bates's *The Pagans*). "The apartment," we are told in the opening paragraph of the novel, "was evidently that of a woman, as numerous details of arrangement and articles of feminine use suggested; and quite as evidently it was the

home of a person of taste and refinement, and of one, too, who had traveled."

III. THE CHARLES STREET NEIGHBOURHOOD

FROM the western slope of Beacon Hill, where, as Emerson sings,

"Each street leads downward to the sea,—"

we come down into Charles Street and a locality closely identified with the fiction of Arlo Bates, Henry James, Howells and other lesser literary lights. At the period of which Henry James writes in *The Bostonians* Charles Street was a place of semi-fashionable residences, one of which is described by the novelist as the home of Olive Chancellor. To-day, like the adjacent streets, it is largely given over to boarding and lodging houses, so that it is natural in many novels to find masculine characters lodging there.

To enter it from Beacon Street we find a few doors along the identical little Italian fruit shop where Graham first saw Mary Brooks

(Eliza Orne White's *Miss Brooks*). "His eyes were arrested by the rich colouring of the red apples and yellow oranges, which showed off to especial advantage in juxtaposition to the large bunches of purple and green grapes, and the dusky red bananas that hung from the walls in great clusters. The dim gaslight gave a semi-obscurity to the place, so that its ugly features were softened, and Graham thought of certain Dutch paintings he had seen abroad. Into this commonplace background there presently stepped a figure radiant with life and colour. . . . Suddenly the poor little shop was transformed, and Graham thought of Una, whose face 'made a sunshine in the shady place.'"

AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH
68 CHARLES STREET

"She wished densely to surround herself with the blackness from which she had sprung."—*Howells's "An Imperative Duty."*

He followed her from the shop up Mount

THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT AND CLERGY HOUSE, BRIMMER STREET

"The church was appointed with a richness beautiful to see." —*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*

Vernon Street to her sister's home, it will be remembered, but we detach ourselves from them at the corner to take a passing glance at the African Methodist Church, a rather picturesque edifice to which Rhoda (Howells's *Imperative Duty*), sick with the sudden knowledge that she was of negro blood, was led to a meeting by an old coloured woman. "She had no motive in being where she was except to confront herself as fully and closely with the trouble in her soul as she could . . . she wished densely to surround herself with the blackness from which she had sprung, and to reconcile herself to it by realizing and owning it with every sense."

West of this church, clustering at the water's edge, is the exclusive Brimmer Street quarter,

which tiny section, a novelist has said, covers more of the real wit, wisdom and worldliness than any one other part of Boston. Here, in one of the whimsical little streets, amid some strictly Sabbatarian and conventional families, and the quality of the artistic life, lived the Lesters, an evening at whose house was among Margaret Allston's *Boston Experiences*. Here, too, we find the Church of the Advent, with its Clergy House, which, under the thin disguise of the Nativity, plays a conspicuous part in Arlo Bates's novel, *The Puritans*. Every one will recall the dramatic description of the midnight service at the Nativity. "The music on this occasion was most elaborate, the very French millinery of sacred music. . . . The church, moreover, was appointed with a richness beautiful to see. The vestments might have moved the envy of high Roman prelates, and the altar plate shone in gold and precious stones." The Father Superior of the Clergy House, in which lived Maurice Wynne and Philip Ashe, of the novel, was Father

Frontford, whom Mr. Bates stoutly denies having drawn from the actual incumbent. Mr. Bates says he has drawn but one character from life, and that was Dr. Ashton of *The Pagans*, whose identity was unsuspected save by the prototype and his fiancée. But such genius has this author for depicting the Bostonese as he really is that there is no one of his fictitious characters who has not been fitted by the public to some prominent person. This has been both amusing and annoying to Mr. Bates, whose tribulations in this line were undoubtedly in his mind when he wrote *Love in a Cloud*, in which he takes occasion to remark that "If the scene of a novel be laid in a provincial city, its characters must all be identified. That is the first intellectual duty of the readers of fiction. To look at a novel from a critical point of view is no longer in the least a thing about which any reader need concern himself; but it would be an omission unpardonably stupid were he to remain unacquainted with some original under the disguise of every character."

Near the Church of the Advent, in Brimmer Street, stands the bachelor apartment where Bellingham lived (*The Minister's Charge*), the delightful interior of which Mr. Howells pictures for us most charmingly on the morning Barker breakfasted there.

CHARLES STREET

"—he heard the door open within the deep embrasure in which, in Charles Street, the main portals are set."—*James's "The Bostonians."*

To turn from here into Charles Street again we come upon the block of houses in one of which lived Olive Chancellor (Henry James's *The Bostonians*). After Verona came to live with Olive, this was the only spot in Charles Street that had any significance for Ransom, the Mississippian, whom we first meet in Olive's drawing-room tête-à-tête with her sister, Mrs. Luna, who flippantly explains to him that Olive is "a female Jacobin—a nihilist, consorting with witches and wizards, mediums

and spirit-rappers and roaring radicals." Olive had the good fortune to dwell on that side of Charles Street toward which, in the rear, "the afternoon sun slants redly . . . over a brackish expanse of anomalous character which is too big for a river and too small for a bay."

This was also the view to be seen from Graham's chambers (*Miss Brooks*), which were high in a house across the way and farther down, at Number 127. These lodgings, as described by Miss Eliza Orne White, were the actual rooms of her friend, Miss Lucretia Hale, a sister of Edward Everett Hale, who loved her view out over the water, but commonly found, as did Graham, that her friends objected to the coal sheds in the foreground. Mary, the heroine of *Miss Brooks*, when she came to the tea John gave in his chambers, "went to the window, from which a pale gray strip of Charles River could be seen in the distance, with the spires and houses of Cambridge rising above it, and looking in the misty atmosphere

like a blurred charcoal sketch. Her attention, however, was riveted by some coal sheds that loomed up conspicuously in the foreground. 'You like your view because it is your disposition to make the best of things,' she said. 'Instead of looking facts squarely in the face you idealize them. If I, for instance, with my different temperament, were in your place, I should say plainly, 'Those coal sheds are hideous; they spoil my view.'" Graham, not drawn as a Bostonian, but one of the most delightful men in Boston fiction, is a composite sketch from two western relatives of the author — one middle-aged and the other a young man from whose combined characteristics she modelled her hero.

Before he married and became a United States Senator, John Harrington (Crawford's *An American Politician*) had rooms in Charles Street, and though Miss Eugenia Brooks Frothingham is vague as to locality, it is safe to surmise—since it is the usual abiding-place of Boston bachelors in fiction — that Dan and

Garrison (*The Turn of the Road*) had their apartment there.

At Number 164, on the water side of the street, once lived the Autocrat whose library windows overlooked the basin of the Charles —a view from which he drew perpetual inspiration. He found the water craft a source of endless interest, and the contemplation of them caused him to write this noble tribute to woman: "I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping; she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel, still she moved on stately, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug with heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and

drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstance, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more."

Nearby, at 148, we find an interesting literary centre in the home of Mrs. James T. Fields, who lingers on in the old house so full of associations. Not the least of the charms of this house, the front of which presents a commonplace exterior to the passer-by, is the deep garden at the rear, with its benches and trees and shrubs and flowers, and always at its edge that bit of the sea known to the Bostonese as "the river" or "the bay," beloved by Mrs. Fields and felt in many of the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, who spends much time with her.

Quaint and elaborately designed landscape screens are to be found in most of the windows of the Charles Street residences—a mark as distinctive of this neighbourhood as are the purple window-panes of Beacon Hill.

Beautiful gardens were not uncommon at the West End when Mr. Howells first knew Boston, and not far from Mrs. Fields, in lower Pinckney Street, which he calls Rumford, he pictures in *A Modern Instance* a charming one. "Mrs. Halleck liked better than mountain or sea the high-walled garden that stretched back of their house to the next street. . . . They laid it out in box-bordered beds, and there were clumps of hollyhocks, sunflowers, lilies and phlox in different corners; grapes covered the trellised walls; there were some pear trees that bore blossoms, and sometimes ripened their fruit beside the walk." It was Halleck, it will be remembered, who said: "I don't think there is any place quite so well worth being born in as Boston. It's more authentic and individual, more municipal after the old pat-

tern, than any other modern city. Even Boston provinciality is a precious testimony to the authoritative personality of the city."

At the end of Charles Street, stretching northward across the water, is the bridge where Dan (*The Turn of the Road*) walked alone to fight the horror of his approaching blindness, and there had a chance encounter with Kate Randolph, for whom at that time, he found it difficult to conceal his contempt. This bridge is the one of which Graham (*Miss Brooks*) said that he often wished he could make his poorer neighbours feel the refreshment, almost the inspiration in a walk across it just at sunset, or in the twilight when the lights were beginning to come out one by one.

In *Martin Merrivale*, Mr. Trowbridge relates how his hero, accompanied by Cheesy and the others in their tramp to Boston crossed the bridge to enter the city just at dusk. Cheesy, a typical country boy, gives his first impressions of the city in a characteristic comment: "I had no ide' it was settled so clust

here." Over the bridge for many years ran the horse cars to Cambridge,—a line patronized by Basil (*The Bostonians*) when he went out there to see Verona Tarrent—the same tedious route over which Mrs. Tarrent had spent hours in "jingling, aching, jostled journeys"—what Bostonian or Cantabridgian does not remember them?—"between Charles Street and her suburban cottage."

The old wooden bridge of which these novelists wrote has given way to a modern steel structure, which may or may not make its appearance in the Boston fiction of the future.

IV. IN AND ABOUT THE COMMON

TO the fiction rambler the Common, that great stretch of green a forest of splendid trees in the very heart of the city, is full of flitting shadows—peopled by old friends and acquaintances, whom, in imagination we meet at every turn.

Toiling heavily up the Park Street mall late on a hot summer day, we seem to see Mr.

Joshua Harkness (Howells's *A Woman's Reason*), struggling to get home, but so ill that he drops at last on a bench, remaining there until an obliging policeman finds a carriage to take him home. At the head of this mall Bartley Hubbard and Marcia (Howells's *A Modern Instance*), taking their first stroll here one winter's day, stopped to see the boys coasting under the care of the police between two long lines of spectators.

In this mall, too, on one of the near-by benches Martin Merrivale, in the novel of that name, and the little blind Alice sat many a day while he described the beautiful slopes and regal trees about them. "We are in a magnificent rolling park," he said to her, "laid out in avenues and paths, with long, double rows of such trees as I have described, running in almost every direction. The city is on three sides, but on the west there is a river that gleams like silver. Beyond that are blue hills, all asleep under the hazy sky. On the hills there are woods and houses, and on the river a

slow-moving sail. I wish you could see all this, my dear child." The gentle Alice, though

" Ever since I had a ten-cent look at the transit of Venus . . . through the telescope in the Mall, the earth has been wholly different to me from what it used to be."—*Holmes's "Over the Tea-Cups."*

a fictitious character, was suggested to Mr. Trowbridge by his friendship with a woman who was an interesting psychologic study, she

having remarkable prophetic visions, as Alice did.

No doubt Martin and Alice in their walk down the mall often encountered near the Tremont Street entrance, the telescope man whom Holmes has immortalized: "Ever since I had a ten cent look at the transit of Venus . . . through the telescope in the mall," he says, "the earth has been wholly different to me from what it used to be." As in the Autocrat's time, ever cheerfully ready is he to-day to show the wonders of the planet.

At the head of Park Street, across from this mall, stood until within a few years the beautiful Ticknor mansion—during George Ticknor's time a rallying-point for literary Boston, and likewise famed as being the house where Lafayette stayed during his visit in 1824. This is, undoubtedly, the house where Margaret and Laura lived in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's *A Letter and What Came of It.*

Next door down the sloping street is the Union Club, shown, as is the mansion in the il-

TICKNOR MANSION UNION CLUB PARK STREET CHURCH MALL

" In an hour he found himself seated at breakfast at his club."— *Wheelwright's* " *Child of the Century.*"

" ' We are in a magnificent rolling park, laid out in avenues and paths, with long, double rows of trees.' . . . After resting some time upon a bench in a shaded spot they returned to the boarding-house."— *Trowbridge's* "*Martin Merrivale.*"

lustration, before either had undergone alterations. Sewell, Mr. John T. Wheelwright's *Child of the Century*, was a member of this club, and, it will be remembered, entertained Strong at breakfast there. "Sewell was a being brought to manhood under the ægis of a protective tariff and a Puritan ancestry," says his creator. "His whole life had been spent on that part of the earth's surface which is contained in a circle with a radius of five miles, and with the tarnished gilt dome of the State House as a centre; that favoured spot of earth where civic pride contends for the mastery over human souls, with hatred of taxes—for the true Bostonian never denies his birthplace save to the tax-collector. Of course, he had at intervals emerged, incrusted with prejudices as with an armour, from this magic ring, in short, tangent trips, having had the daring to penetrate one winter to the mournful live-oaks and gladsome skies of Florida, to dodge the treacherous east winds; and in an autumn ramble as far north as the Saguenay, flowing majestically through

the great Canadian forests; but the centripetal force of this 'Hub planet,' so to speak, had always a much stronger effect upon him than the centrifugal; and like those red woolen balls fastened to a rubber string, which in our boyhood caused us glee, he sought his native town with the more rapidity, the farther away from it he strayed. Though he did not revel in existence there, somehow he seemed to belong in the old town."

This is a photographic picture of the conservative Boston type. Sewell, however, was capable of doing the unexpected, and in the opening chapter of the novel, having suddenly decided to go to Europe, we learn that "he tacked upon his office-door the legend: 'Back in five minutes,' engrossed in his neatest legal hand-writing, walked up to his rooms, packed his valise, hailed a coupé, and drove to the station without a word of good-bye to a soul in the city, after thirty years of residence." It is interesting to know that Mr. Wheelwright originally intended Sewell to be a kind of

"A pensive golden light streamed through the long, loose boughs and struck across the slopes of the common."

"So far from knowing that they must not walk in the common, they used to sit down on a bench there in the pleasant weather, and watch the opening of the spring."—*Howells's "A Modern Instance."*

Yankee Pickwick who travelled about in search of adventure; but he got involved in the Mugwump campaign of 1884, and became ruined by what Mr. Wheelwright called, in speaking of him, "the fatal contact with politics."

Just below the club, Roweny (Mrs. Keats Bradford) took an apartment because she liked the odour of business which in recent years has crept into the street. At the corner, facing in Tremont Street, is the Park Street Church which Martin (Trowbridge's *Martin Merrivale*) attended.

On the western slope of the Common is the beautiful Beacon Street Mall, which seemed to Lemuel Barker (Howells's *The Minister's Charge*) a kind of grove, so attractive and home-like to the country lad that he lingered on one of the benches, where misfortunes soon befell him. Later in his career he took a memorable walk through this mall with Madeline Swan. Here, too, came Bartley Hubbard and Marcia (Howells's *A Modern Instance*),

who, so far from knowing that they must not walk in the Common, used to sit down on a bench there in the pleasant weather, and watch the opening of the spring.

To the literary rambler the Common holds no walk so full of interest as "the long path," running down from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street, which the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress walked together. "I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit)," says the Autocrat, "as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, — Will you take the long path with me? — Certainly, — said the schoolmistress, — with much pleasure. — Think, — I said, — before you answer: if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more. — The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks

"'Will you take the long path with me?' 'Certainly,' said the Schoolmistress, 'with much pleasure.' 'Think,' I said, 'before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!' . . . She answered softly, 'I will walk the *long path* with you.'"—"*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*"

[redacted]

used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. — Pray, sit down, — I said.— No, no, she answered, softly, —I will walk the *long path* with you!" How delightful to have been the old gentleman who met them about the middle of the way down, walking arm in arm! The granite seat has been removed from the mall, but the gingko-tree remains, and no doubt its delicate fluttering leaves are still whispering love secrets to the neighbouring tree-tops.

From the Joy Street mall across the hollow which holds the Frog Pond is the most charming view on the Common, we are told by Mr. Arlo Bates in *The Pagans*, one of the characters of which novel, Helen Greyson, frequently traversed this path on her way from her home on Beacon Hill to her studio. The Frog Pond is described by Mr. Howells in *The Minister's Charge* as the place where, after a wretched night on one of the near-by benches, Barker washed his hands and face, while other people were asleep all round him.

Across the green in the Tremont Street mall used to sit old Mr. James Bowdoin (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*) for half an hour before breakfast every morning, walking over from his home in Colonnade Row over the way. And here, no doubt, sat the hero of *Looking Backward*, "finding an interest merely in watching the throngs that passed, such as one has in studying the populace of a foreign city, so strange since yesterday had my fellow-citizens and their ways become to me."

The Common, with its malls and well-regulated intersecting paths, is not now quite the sunny meadow and pasture for cows Cooper's Lionel Lincoln, in the novel of that name, found it when first he came to Boston, though soon after his arrival the bucolic rusticity of the scene was broken by the quartering of British soldiers. The impish Job Pray, whose weird and daring utterances astonished his red-coat auditors, told Lionel he objected to the soldiers because they starved the cows. "Boston cows," said he, "don't love grass that British

"When he had his cry out he felt a little better, and he got up and went to the pond in the hollow and washed his hands and face."—*Howells's "The Minister's Charge."*

soldiers have trampled on." Many a time in those anxious days Lionel, listening for a stir of soldiery on the Common, heard only the "faint lowing of cattle from the meadows."

In *The Rebels* Lydia M. Childs pictures the Common invaded by the British, and so, too, does Mr. Chambers in his colonial novel, *Cardigan*. "I had never before seen so many soldiers together," says the hero, "nor such a brilliant variety of uniforms. The townspeople, too, lingered to watch the soldiers, some sullenly, some indifferently, some in open enjoyment. These latter were doubtless Tories, for in their faces one could not mistake the expression of sneering triumph. Also many of them talked to the soldiers, which earned them unconcealed scowls from passing citizens."

Of the Common thus invaded Holmes contributes his picture:

And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine,

The clouds are dark with crimson rain
Above the murderous hireling's den,
And soon their whistling showers shall stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

What would seem to us now as strange a spectacle as the cows was the spinning craze, which led the belles of the colony to bring their wheels to the Common. This odd scene Bynner describes in *Agnes Surriage*. "Rows of young women with their spinning wheels were busy at work in the open air," he says, "while elderly men and matrons went up and down the hill to give them countenance and keep at a distance the gaping crowd. 'Tis the fashion," Frankland explained to Agnes, "to encourage industry and thrift; these are the daughters of our most substantial citizens come forth here to give an example to the meaner sort.'" From the coquetry of the pretty minxes he suspected they enjoyed the admiration of the swains close at hand, and he laughingly hurried Agnes away lest she join the ranks.

Near the Common half-way down in West Street, was the Latin School attended by the

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE A. NELSON

"'Boston cows don't love grass British soldiers have trampled on.' Many a time in those anxious days, Lionel, listening for a stir of soldiery on the Common, heard only the faint lowing of cattle from the meadows."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

hero of Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century*, and Philip Sanderson in Mrs. Otis's *The Barclays of Boston*. Just around the corner in Mason Street is "the Old Elm, that subterranean retreat known to bachelors and busy husbands," where the elder Craighead (*Truth Dexter*) heard his son unpleasantly discussed.

Turning from here through an alley to Washington Street, and walking down a short distance to the corner of Washington and Essex Streets, we come upon the exact spot where in Revolutionary days stood the Liberty Tree. Of this section of the town as described in the novels of colonial life nothing actually remains; but strolling in this locality, imagination sweeps away the modern business blocks and whirr of traffic, to conjure up a picture of these stirring days when the Sons of Liberty flitted about this neighbourhood, then almost pastoral. In *The Rebels* we are told by the novelist that there was shot into Governor Hutchinson's rooms one evening an arrow to which was fastened a slip of paper bearing

these words: "Lieutenant Governor, Member of the Council, Commander of the Castle, Judge of the Probate, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court! You are hereby commanded to appear under the Liberty Tree within one hour, to plight your faith that you will use no more influence against an injured and exasperated people." Discussing this, the Governor explained to Somerville that the Liberty Tree was a large elm opposite Frog Lane, where the mob dared to suspend their insulting effigies. This historic tree stood beside a smaller one in the yard of a dwelling, where it remained until the British cut it down in August, 1775. The rambler who finds it difficult to picture this in imagination may be interested to look up on the wall of the business building in Washington, just below Essex Street, and see the memorial bas-relief of the Liberty Tree, which has been placed there.

A few steps north, about opposite the present Haywood Place, stood in Washington (then called Newbury) Street the White Horse Tav-

"You are hereby commanded to appear under the Liberty Tree within one hour, to plight your faith that you will use no more influence against an injured and exasperated people."—*Lydia M. Child's "The Rebels."*

"The world should never forget the spot where once stood Liberty Tree, so famous in your annals."—*Lafayette.*

ern, of which Miss Child writes in *The Rebels.* "Willing," she says, "to ascertain more fully the state of public feeling, Captain Somerville entered the White Horse Tavern, and carelessly glancing over the *London Chronicle*, kept a watchful eye on those who entered and departed." There he heard his uncle — Governor Hutchinson — unfavourably commented on amid general mutterings of discontent by a group, in the centre of which was Samuel Adams, exhorting them to remember that nothing was to be gained by violence; everything by calm and dignified firmness. Poor young Benjamin Woodbridge, over whose grave the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress mourned, is said to have been a frequenter of this tavern, to which he came for his sword before that duel with Phillips on the Common, which caused his death. It is of scenes similar to those we find graphically described in the semi-historical novels that Emerson wrote:

The townsmen braved the English King,
Found friendship in the French,
And Honour joined the patriot ring
Low on their wooden bench.

V. A RAMBLE ROUND THE PUBLIC GARDEN

IN the childhood of a Bostonian born in 1840, what is now the Public Garden was in process of evolution from a public dump and desolate ash-heap into something resembling its present condition, though many years were to elapse before it became the thing of beauty it is to-day. It already rejoiced in the name of Garden, but its floral inhabitants were few, and it was a favourite camping-ground for the circus, and the menagerie, together with such side-shows as followed in the wake of the clown and the elephant. It supported some lofty swings for the amusement of the young and with these was a fandango, so called, — a tall shaft revolving vertically with seats at each end which were alternately soared into the air and then almost touched the ground. About this time the Garden received its sea-wall of granite, which made its western boundary; and all beyond what is now the eastern edge of Arlington Street was the Back Bay, where boats sailed and

where, in the cold winter, men and boys cut holes in the ice, and erecting a canvas screen just large enough to shelter them from the sweep of the wind, stood spearing eels with which the Bay abounded.

The beautiful Public Garden as it is to-day has been made use of scenically by practically every writer of Boston fiction — "my Garden," as the Autocrat loved to call it with that sense of proprietorship so strong in him where his beloved city was concerned.

To enter it at the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets is to come at once upon the Beacon Street path which Alice and Dan (Howells's *April Hopes*) paced so slowly when, instead of taking his Cambridge car, Dan lingered in rapturous enjoyment of her society. "The benches on either side were filled with nurse-maids in charge of baby-carriages, and of young children who were digging in the sand with their little beach shovels, and playing their games back and forth across the walk unrebuked by the indulgent policeman. A number

of them had enclosed a square in the middle of the path with four of the benches, which they made-believe was a fort. The lovers had to walk round it; and the children, chasing one another, dashed into them headlong, or, backing off from pursuit, bumped up against them. They did not seem to know it, but walked slowly on without noticing; they were not aware of an occasional benchful of rather shabby young fellows who stared hard at the stylish girl and well-dressed young man talking together in such intense low tones, with rapid interchange of radiant glances." Alice, Mr. Howells tells us later on, felt out of the social frame in strolling here, for this garden path "was really only a shade better than the Beacon Street Mall of the Common."

Other young people whose love affairs were more or less interwoven with the garden are found in Mr. Bates's *Love In a Cloud.* Everybody in their set knew perfectly well, says the novelist, that Jack Neligage had been in love with Alice Endicott from the days when they

"Mrs. Daintry always traversed the garden in going from her home on the 'new land' to Miss Daintry's on 'the hill.'"—*James's "A New England Winter."*

had paddled in the sand on the walks of the Public Garden. "The smart nursery maids whose occupation it was to convey their charges thither and keep them out of the fountains, between-whiles exchanging gossip about the parents of the babies, had begun the talk. The opinions of fashionable society are generally first formed by servants, and then served up with a garnish of fancifully distorted facts for the edification of their mistresses ; and in due time the loves of the Public Garden, reported and decorated by the nursery maids, serve as topics for afternoon calls. Master Jack was known to be in love with Miss Alice before either of them could have written the word, and in this case the passion had been so lasting that it excited remark not only for itself as an ordinary attachment, but as an extraordinary case of unusual constancy."

Most of the characters in Boston fiction traverse the Garden on their way across the city, but few, and they are rarely intended to be genuine Bostonians, are permitted by the nov-

elists to so far diverge from the social code as to sit there. Mrs. Daintry (Henry James's *A New England Winter*) always crossed the Garden in going from her home on the "new land" to Miss Lucretia Daintry's on "the hill," and we are given here a brief glimpse of the winter aspect of the garden — the denuded bushes, the solid pond, and the plank-covered walks, the exaggerated bridge and the patriotic statues.

More attractive is it as it appeared to Craighead (*Truth Dexter*) crossing it from Arlington Street on his way from Mrs. Adams's, in Beacon Street, "when the flower-beds were brilliant with crocuses, tulips and hyacinths. The smell of the upturned earth was pungent with life. In a single night Spring's bridal tunic had by fairy looms been woven." These bright patches of flowers are what Dr. Holmes called "the pretty-behaved flower-beds" which he did not admire so much as nature in a more riotous mood.

Marion Crawford, in *An American Politi-*

cian, also comments on the carpet of bright flowers. Harrington, the politician, on returning to Boston in the late spring, found the garden a delight. "The breath of spring has been everywhere, and the haze of the hot summer is ripening the buds that the spring has brought out. . . . There is a smell of violets and flowers in the warm air, and down on the little pond the swan-shaped boats are paddling about with their cargoes of merry children and calico nursery maids, while the Irish boys look on from the banks and throw pebbles when the policemen are not looking, wishing they had the spare coin necessary to embark for a ten minutes voyage on the mimic sea."

Virginia Kent (Pier's *The Sentimentalists*), a westerner, be it understood, is one of the fictitious persons who took great pleasure in strolling about and sitting in the Garden. Near the Commonwealth Avenue gate it is pleasant to sit down on a bench for a moment where she lingered "to watch the gardeners who were taking the stocks out of a flower-bed and lay-

ing them in a wheelbarrow, then moulding and smoothing the earth. . . . She contrasted these good workmen with the men sitting about on benches reading newspapers, and wondered what occupation they could have; it seemed to her a witless sort of life. It did not occur to her that most of them were reading the newspapers in search of occupation. Washington bestrode his fretful and apparently harness-hampered steed on one side of her; in the centre of a fountain on the other side stood a small, all but nude woman, with the extreme expression of bashfulness that a mere fragment of clothing permits one to assume. And whether through the sculptor's cynical design, or by reason of his want of skill, the expres-

"Near the Commonwealth Avenue. . . . Washington bestrode his fretful and apparently harness-hampered steed on one side of her." —*Pier's "The Sentimentalists."*

"Bartley, who was already beginning to get up a taste for art, boldly stopped and praised the Venus."—*Howells's "A Modern Instance."*

sion seemed to be of an emotion distinctly perfunctory and affected. . . . From the pond near by came the frequent tapping of a gong as the swan-boats, with gay awnings, made their leisurely circuits and discharged the tourists." Virginia thought the Garden rather pretty and just absurd enough to be interesting — she half expected to see a banana tree grafted onto a beech — just to be decoratively unique, and the gardeners, she said, had contrived to make the statues seem designed for centres and reliefs to their flower schemes. She thought there couldn't be too many statues —"the good ones are beautiful and the bad ones are quaint. They're different from bad poetry or bad pictures."

Westward from the bench where Virginia was sitting is the Ether Monument mentioned in *Truth Dexter*, while the Washington and Venus statues in close proximity to her are many times alluded to in Mr. Howells's fiction, notably in *The Minister's Charge*, where we learn that Barker, for the first time in the Garden, observed the image of Washington on horseback and a naked woman in a granite basin, which he thought ought not to be allowed there— the Venus shocked his inexperience. Bartley Hubbard (*A Modern Instance*), however, who was already beginning to get up a taste for art, boldly stopped and praised the Venus. He and Marcia during their first months in Boston frequently resorted to the Garden, where they admired the bridge and the rockwork and the statues.

Ford (*The Undiscovered Country*), who strolled here when the whole precinct rested in patrician insensibility to the plebeian hour of seven, surprised the marble Venus without her shower on, but he never sat by the statue,

"Down on the little pond the swan-shaped boats are paddling about with their cargoes of merry children and calico nursery maids."—*Crawford's "An American Politician."*

"—the swan-boats, with gay awnings, made their leisurely circuits."—*Pier's "The Sentimentalists"*

preferring a bench under the Kilmarnock willows by the pond. These beautiful willows are described in *The Sentimentalists*, and under one of them we find Hartwell, the hero of *Her Boston Experiences*, alone on a bench — driven to so shocking a disregard of the conventionalities by desperation. "I had no idea," exclaims the heroine, discovering him there, "a Bostonian with connections would do anything so plebeian as to sit in the Public Garden on a bench." She and one or two of her friends were venturesome enough to sit there occasionally, but they were not Bostonians.

Bounding the Garden on the east is Charles Street, and returning to this thoroughfare we get into step with Graham (Elisa Orne White's *Miss Brooks*), who, walking there with Janet unexpectedly, in a desperate mood tells her that he loves her. Great is his amazement when she replies: "I have cared for you a long time. When I am with you I am happy, it does not matter where we are; and when I

am away from you, it is the feeling that you are in the world too, belonging to me in a certain sense, because you are my friend, that makes the best part of all my days." This is one of the few events in Boston fiction which occurs out-of-doors, city life, naturally, not lending itself to much action in the open beyond the casual meeting of characters as they traverse the streets.

At the corner of Charles and Boylston Streets is the apothecary's window before which dear old Miss Birdseye (*The Bostonians*), who was always round the streets, stood with Basil Ransom, the Mississippian, waiting for her South End car — she, the while, protesting vigourously against the idea that a gentleman from the South should pretend to teach an old abolitionist the mysteries of Boston.

This corner and the Providence station near by are identified with the delightful, fond-of-entertainments Susan and her original escort (*Susan's Escort*) whom the humour of Dr. Hale has made for us. Susan, finding it un-

"Ford sat under the Kilmarnock willow and gazed over the pond . . . in a long reverie, from which he was roused by the clock of the Arlington Street Church striking eight."—*Howells's "The Undiscovered Country."*

pleasant to go about alone at night in Boston, conceived the idea of making herself an escort after this fashion: "She bought a cheap and

"... They stood in the sun, with their backs against an apothecary's window."—*James's "The Bostonians."*

light gossamer overcoat, a travelling cap, a dozen toy masks and a pair of badly worn check pantaloons. She also bought rattan enough, and the wire of hoop-skirts, for her purpose. She sewed to the bottom of the pan-

taloons two arctics. From the rattan, with an old umbrella slide, she made a backbone and two available legs to support the mackintosh, and on the top of the backbone she could adjust either of the masks which she preferred with the travelling cap. The whole thing would shut together like a travelling easel. The mask would go into her leather bag, which, like others of her sex, she carried everywhere. The rest could then be slid into a long umbrella case." Her adventures with this dummy are inimitably told in the story, in which we are assured that in the halcyon days of "the escort's" first success Susan enjoyed her winter of entertainments as she had never enjoyed a winter before. For, if you choose, in Boston, says Dr. Hale, "there is nothing you may not see and hear and know and understand in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters that are supposed to be under the earth." The clever Susan, who lived in the suburbs on the Providence road, always on arriving at the station stepped out

to that sheltered lee where you wait for Cambridge Street cars and opened up her new friend to his own proportions. It is simple

The home of Mrs. Mesh in Arlington Street.
—*James's "A New England Winter."*

enough to identify this starting-point of hers outside of the now abandoned station.

Craighead (*Truth Dexter*), returning from Alabama, came in to Boston at the Providence Station which loomed positively palatial to the

returning traveller. The vista of the Public Garden through the narrow framing of Church Street, the objurgations of rival cab-drivers, the long line of electric cars crawling about the corner of Charles like a migration of saturnian ants, and the tireless current of unconcerned humanity pouring through the channel of Boylston, — all combined to thrill him with a returning sense of vitality and power. Truth also got her first impressions of the city here. Ford and Phillips (Howells's *The Undiscovered Country*) lodged in Boylston Street which runs beside the Garden on the south. At the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, facing the Garden, is the Arlington Street church referred to in the same novel.

"Mrs. Adams lived in that sunniest part of Beacon Street which fashionable residents are abandoning to fashionable dressmakers."— "*Truth Dexter*."

Beyond this, farther down the street, we pass the residence of Mrs. Mesh (James's *A New England Winter*), with whom Rachel Torrance spent the winter and where that most tiresome of prigs Florimond Daintry, was frequently to be found. Just around the corner, eastward, is the residence described as Mrs. Adams's (*Truth Dexter*) "in that sunniest part of Beacon Street which fashionable residents are abandoning to fashionable dressmakers, suffering it to connect, as it were, by the handle of a dumb-bell, the two aristocratic bulks of the Milldam and Beacon Hill."

VI. THE BACK BAY

THE new land, commonly known as the Back Bay, was made in the early fifties, when the process of filling in the bay began, and plans were drawn on which were laid out the streets with names which seem to have been borrowed from the British peerage. Thirty years more or less were consumed in filling in the bay, with the result that

it became the Court End of the city, fulfilling the prophecy of its projectors. But those were years of dust, of rattling gravel trains, of a bewilderment of annoyances which drove more than one of the steady-going citizens into rural retirement, and some, it is to be feared, into the quiet of the grave.

This made land forms a scenic background in fiction for a dominant phase of modern Boston — neither literary, nor æsthetical, nor of a distinctive atmosphere, but fashionable and up-to-date on a metropolitan model. Regarding with high disfavour this section of the town, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney years ago wrote of it (*Hitherto*): "The Back Bay has been filled up, and a section of Paris dumped down into it." Here we find the "water side of Beacon Street" and the "sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue," which, as Mr. Howells says, mean so much more than the words say. Curiously enough, while the less desirable side of Beacon Street is fashionable, the same cannot be said of the avenue, where only the "sunny

THE HARVARD BRIDGE—PART OF THE BACK BAY

"A brackish expanse of anomalous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay."—*James's "The Bostonians."*

"Herman wandered on . . . until he found himself leaning against a railing and looking over the waters of the Charles River."—*Arlo Bates's "The Philistines."*

side," fashionably speaking, is "possible," and no novelist, intent upon picturing smart society in the Hub, fails to be cognizant of these distinctions.

Of these two residential streets, Beacon, though less beautiful, is more aristocratic. Frivolous, worldly Beacon Street, Mrs. Farrinder (James's *The Bostonians*) called it, to the annoyance of Olive, who hated to hear it talked about as if it were such a remarkable place, and to live there were a proof of worldly glory. In *A New England Winter* the same novelist tells us that Florimond greatly admired this (then) new street on the artificial bosom of the Back Bay. "The long straight street lay airing its newness in the frosty day, and all its individual façades, with their neat, sharp ornaments, seemed to have been scoured, with a kind of friction, by the hard, salutary light. Their brilliant browns and drabs, their rosy surfaces of brick, made a variety of fresh, violent tones, such as Florimond like to memorize, and the large clear windows of their curved

fronts faced each other across the street, like candid, inevitable eyes. There was something almost terrible in the windows; Florimond had forgotten how vast and clean they were, and now, in their sculptured frames, the New England air seemed, like a zealous housewife, to polish and preserve them.

Not far from Arlington Street in Beacon was, we imagine, the home of Mrs. Sam Wyndham (Crawford's *An American Politician*). She was a woman, the novelist says, who did her duty in the social state in which she was called in Boston, reserving the right to do many things according to her mood while following most of the established Beacon Street customs. Beacon Street receives Monday afternoons, and all Boston came to Mrs. Wyndham's receptions, "excepting all the other ladies who live in Beacon Street, and that is a very considerable portion of Boston, as every schoolboy knows." We are at once told the age of Mrs. Wyndham, for "it is as easy for a Bostonian to conceal a question of age as for a

crowned head. In a place where one-half of society calls the other half cousin, and went to school with it, everyone knows and accurately remembers just how old everybody else is." This matter of cousinship on the Hub is also commented on by Mr. Arlo Bates in *Love In a Cloud:* "May, as it is the moral duty of every self-respecting Bostonian to be, was related to everybody who was socially anybody."

It has been repeatedly said that Marion Crawford drew Mrs. Sam Wyndham from a certain world-renowned social leader, whose beautiful home until recently was on "the water side" not far from Arlington Street, and he is not the only novelist thus accused, for this same brilliant woman is at once proclaimed the prototype of any feminine character of marked individuality and social prominence who appears in the pages of Boston fiction. Of course, knowingly says the public, she is the original of Mrs. Sam Wyndham, and of Mrs. Chauncey Wilson (Bates's *The Puritans*), and did not Miss Anna Farquhar exactly picture her as

Mrs. Bobby Short (*Her Boston Experiences*), who always sailed in late to receptions with a string of men in tow "like a graceful ship in full sail with several tugs steaming in her wake." This determination on the part of the public to see in purely fictitious women an actual one is a little hard on the supposed "model," and those novelists whose characters are the creatures of their brain.

To return to the house of Mrs. Sam Wyndham, Crawford makes a most amusing comment relative to its number. "It is a peculiarity of Boston to put the number of the houses on the back instead of the front, so that the only certain course to follow in searching for a friend is to reach the rear of his house, by a circuitous route through side streets and back alleys, and then, having fixed the exact position of his residence by astronomical observation, to return to the front and enquire for him. It is true that even then one is frequently mistaken, but there is nothing else to be done."

Evidently Mrs. Sam Wyndham did not, like

Mrs. Daintry (James's *A New England Winter*), follow the old Boston custom of ornamenting her door with a large silver plate, the exhibition of which Mrs. Daintry preferred to the more distinguished modern fashion of suppressing the domiciliary label. The Autocrat makes mention of these Beacon Street door plates, which in his day were a matter of course.

In the neighbourhood of Mrs. Sam Wyndham lived Miss Schenectady, at whose house we first meet John Harrington, who is the American politician which gives the novel its title. This Harrington, says his creator, was a constant source of interest, and not infrequently of terror, to the good town of Boston. "True, he was a Bostonian himself, a chip of the old block, whose progenitors had lived in Salem, and whose very name breathed Pilgrim memories. He even had a tea-pot that had come over in the Mayflower. This was greatly venerated, and whenever John Harrington said anything more than usually modern his friends

brandished the tea-pot, morally speaking, in his defense, and put it in the clouds as a kind of rainbow—a promise that Puritan blood could not go wrong. Nevertheless, Harrington continued to startle his fellow-townsmen by his writings and sayings, so that many of the grave sort shook their heads and swore that he sympathized with the Irish and believed in Chinese labor."

Beacon Street was the locality in which lived Bayard's uncle, Mr. Hermon Worcester (Miss Phelps's *A Singular Life*), though the author says she had, and never does have, for the homes of her characters any particular houses in mind. Bayard, she has told us in her *Chapter From a Life*, is her dearest hero.

The house of most interest as we stroll down the water side of Beacon Street is No. 296, once the home of the Autocrat and now of his son Judge Holmes. Mr. Howells, for three years his near neighbour,opens the door for us in a charming fashion (*Literary Friends and Acquaintance*), and having conducted us to

the library, shows us the view from the window as the Autocrat saw and loved it. "He said that you could count fourteen towns and villages in the compass of that view, with the three conspicuous monuments accenting the different attractions of it: the tower of Memorial Hall at Harvard; the obelisk on Bunker Bill; and in the centre of the picture that bulk of Tufts College which he said he expected to greet his eyes the first thing when he opened them in the other world. But the prospect, though generally the same, had certain precious differences for each of us, which I have no doubt he valued himself as much upon as I did. I have a notion that he fancied these were to be enjoyed best in his library through two oval panes let into the bay there apart from the windows, for he was apt to make you come and look out of them if you got to talking of the view before you left.

In this pleasant study he lived among the books, which seemed to multiply from case to case and shelf to shelf, and climb from floor to

ceiling. Everything was in exquisite order, and the desk where he wrote was as scrupu-

296 BEACON STREET (THE OVAL DOORWAY), THE HOME OF "THE AUTOCRAT"
302, THE HOME OF MR. HOWELLS

"When you come to the Back Bay, give me the water side of Beacon Street."—*Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham."*

lously neat as if the sloven disarray of most authors' desks were impossible to him. He had a number of ingenious little contrivances

for helping his work, which he liked to show you; for a time a revolving bookcase at the corner of his desk seemed to be his pet; and after that came his fountain pen, which he used with due observance of its fountain principle, though he was tolerant of me when I said I always dipped mine in the inkstand; it was a merit in his eyes to use a fountain pen in anywise. After you had gone over these objects with him, and perhaps taken a peep at something he was examining through his microscope, he sat down at one corner of his hearth, and invited you to an easy chair at the other."

At No. 302, just below the Autocrats, is the house occupied by Mr. Howells, in the library of which he wrote much of his later Boston fiction. He had this block in mind in describing the home of Miss Kingsbury (*A Woman's Reason*), and also the site of the ill-fated mansion of Col. Lapham (*The Rise of Silas Lapham*). "When you come to the Back Bay," said the Colonel to young Corey while showing him over the house, "give me the water side

of Beacon Street. . . . The Bay spreads its glassy sheet before them, empty but for a few small boats and a large schooner, with her sails close-furled and dripping like snow from her spars, which a tug was rapidly towing toward

"Marlborough, a straight, long street with houses just alike."—*Howells's "The Minister's Charge."*

Cambridge. The carpentry of that city, embanked and embowered in foliage, shared the picturesqueness of Charlestown in the distance."

Parallel to and one block south of Beacon Street is Marlborough, "a straight, long street, with houses just alike on both sides and bits of grass before them," called by Mr. Howells

Bolingbrook in describing it as the street in which lived the Rev. Mr. Sewell, whom the novelist has intimately involved in the affairs of Silas Lapham and in *The Minister's Charge.*

"—they neared Mrs. Rangeley's house on Marlborough Street."—*Arlo Bates's* "*The Puritans.*"

Half a block away lived Miss Vane, of the latter novel, and somewhere in this street lived Mrs. Rangeley (Bates's *The Puritans*), where so much that was eventful happened to Maurice Wynne.

At No. 459 Marlborough Street is the town house of Mr. J. F. Stimson, the novelist and

author of *Pirate Gold*, the characters of which are old friends, many of whose haunts and homes we have discovered in our rambles.

The home of the Maxwells on the "sunny side" of Commonwealth Avenue. — *Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks."*

Commonwealth Avenue, or in the vernacular, "the Avenue," with its beautiful park through the centre, is next in importance to Beacon Street in the pages of Boston fiction. We know that the Maxwells (*Miss Brooks*) lived there, as did the Rowans and Dr. McDowell (*The Sentimentalists*); so, too, did the Chauncey Wilsons (*The Puritans*), Mrs. Wiley (*Truth Dexter*), we suspect, and the inconsequent Grangers (*Her Boston Experiences*) were quite content with it when they might have lived in Beacon Street!

All these persons being fashionables, lived

The home of the Chauncey Wilsons—at the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Hereford Street. —*Arlo Bates's "The Puritans."*

on "the sunny side" —the Maxwells between Arlington and Berkeley Streets, in a beautiful vine-covered house, while below them is the gray stone dwelling of the Rowans — the girl, but not her brother, one of the most pronounced of *The Sentimentalists.* Indeed, her temperament is responsible for the fact that the title of Mr. Pier's novel is plural rather than singular. It was originally his intention to build this story mainly around his hero, Vernon Kent, but Frances Rowan developed such an excess of sentimentality, and Mrs. Kent became so insistent that a change of title was necessary. In Mrs. Kent we have a case of a character dominating her creator. She was intended to play a clever second to her son, instead

of which she showed a decided preference for the centre of the stage, which she kept with such persistence that Mr. Pier was forced to let her take things into her own hands, as a result of which she is one of the most interesting women to-day in Boston fiction.

THE AVENUE THROUGH THE PARK

"Mrs. Daintry was very fond of this beautiful prospect."—*James's "A New England Winter."*

At the corner of the Avenue and Hereford Street we find the imposing house described by Mr. Bates in *The Puritans* as the home of the Chauncey Wilsons. "On the proper side of the Avenue with a regal front of marble and with balconies of wrought iron before the wide windows above, one of especially elaborate workmanship having once adorned the front of the palace of the Tuileries. Pillars of verd antique stood on either side of the doorway, as if it were the portal of a temple."

Turning now to stroll down the Avenue through the park, we come upon the much discussed and much despised statues of statesmen — one for every block, to which Virginia

THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB—NO. 2 NEWBURY STREET

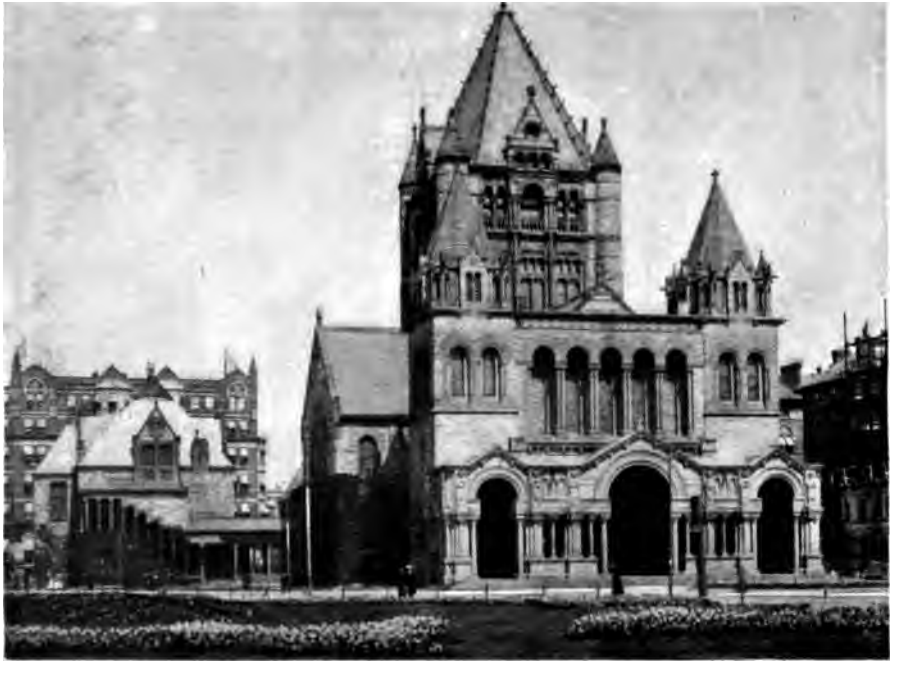
Kent calls Ballington's attention. Mr. Bates's characters in *The Philistines* were greatly agitated over plans for a new statue, about which they had conflicting and most violent opinions, which leads the author to say: "The inner history of the effigies which in Boston do duty as statues would be most interesting reading,

amusing or depressing as one felt obliged to take it. To know what causes led to the pro-

233 CLARENDON STREET—THE HOME OF THE LATE BISHOP BROOKS

"The two clergymen left the house and went down the street together."—*Arlo Bates's* "*The Puritans.*"

duction and then to the erection of these monstrosities could hardly fail to be instructive, although the knowledge might be rather



TRINITY CHURCH

"—whose great domed interior, harmonious tones and peaceful sanctity called to mind the character of the man . . , who had unconsciously built the glory of this edifice."—*Margaret Allston's "Her Boston Experiences."*

dreary." The Autocrat, too, enters his protest when he tells us that he and his fellow-citizens have had their sensibilities greatly worked upon, their patriotism chilled and their local pride outraged by the monstrosities which had been allowed to deform their beautiful public grounds.

From the avenue turning into Berkeley and thence into Newbury Street, we find at Number 2 the St. Botolph Club, where Watson and Willis (Aldrich's *Goliath*) used to play billiards, and members of which were Craighead and Norton (*Truth Dexter*). But it becomes better known to us through the pages of Mr. Bates's fiction, notably *The Pagans* — who were all members — and *The Philistines*, in both of which novels it figures under the disguise of the St. Filipe Club — "which for more than a quarter of a century had maintained the reputation of leading in matters of art and literature."

Farther down in the same street lived Mrs. Daintry (James's *A New England Winter*),

and around the corner from her in Clarendon Street, her daughter Joanna and her six children; but Clarendon Street is of greater fictional interest than this, for at the corner of Newbury we come upon the home of the Rev. Mr. Strathmore (*The Puritans*), a house known through the country as the home of the great Bishop Brooks. If it was not Mr. Bates's intention to draw Mr. Strathmore from the celebrated bishop, he has, nevertheless, unconsciously done it with so sympathetic a touch that it is impossible not to recall him in every line. "Strathmore was of commanding presence . . . a man who appealed strongly to the common heart, both by his sympathy and by flexibility of character and temperament, which made it impossible for him to be repellently stern or austere. He preached high ideals . . . he demanded high purpose and high life, noble aims and unfailing charity . . . he was looked up to by the general public as a great spiritual leader, and loved with an affection exceedingly rare in this unpriestly age."

"The lovely day became a still lovelier day within, enriched by the dyes of the stained windows through which it streamed."—*Howells's "April Hopes."*

Adjacent to this low vine-covered house is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where Susan (E. E. Hale's *Susan's Escort*) attended lectures and from which were graduated the young men in Miss Reed's *Miss Theodora*. From the corner where we are standing stretches out to the right of us Copley Square, which, with its beautiful Trinity Church, Art Museum, Public Library and New Old South Church, combine, says Margaret Alston, to form the most interesting Square architecturally in America. Trinity, with its great domed interior, harmonious tones, and peaceful sanctity, called to her mind the character of the man who had unconsciously built the glory of this edifice.

Here the consecration of Mr. Strathmore (*The Puritans*) took place on a "beautiful June day, and was as imposing a function in its line as Boston had ever seen. Trinity was crowded to over-flowing, and if the ceremony was less imposing than would have been the induction of a Catholic bishop, it was impres-

sive and dignified. The sunlight filtering through the windows of stained glass splashed fantastic colours over the long surpliced train which wound through the aisles down to the chancel, singing processionals of joyous hope; the air was full of the sense of solemn meaning; the organ pealed; the noble words of the fine old ritual spoke to the hearts of the hearers, and carried their message of a faith which took hold upon the unseen. Above all the circumstance, the form, the conventions, the creeds, rose the spirit of the worshipers, uplifted by the thrilling realization of the outpouring of the soul of humanity before the unknown Eternal."

Miss Theodora's Earnest attended service here Sunday afternoons content to stand for an hour in the crowded aisle to hear the uplifting word of the great preacher, while Howells gives us a picture of its interior when his hero and heroine of *April Hopes* are finally married there.

These two young people, earlier in the

"Those in search of pure lines find content in the classic form of the library . . . the crowning possession of Boston."—*Margaret Allston's "Her Boston Experiences."*

novel had a chance encounter at the Museum of Fine Arts near by, a place also identified with the Bartley Hubbards (*A Modern Instance*), who, sometimes, going there in their early Boston days, "found a pleasure in the

"How strange that we should meet at the Museum."—*Howells's "April Hopes."*

worst things which the best never afterward gave them." The conventional Edith Caldwell is persuaded by her fiancé, Fenton,—that Pagan of *The Pagans*, to sit awhile in the picture gallery of the Art Museum while he assures her they are in no danger of being seen doing anything so unconventional, for

the Museum "is the most solitary place in the city."

The new Public Library, the crowning possession of Boston, plays a conspicuous part in *Her Boston Experiences*, for there in Bates Hall occurred the incident on which the romance of the story is built. Truth Dexter, in her bewildering attempt to digest Boston came frequently to the Library where, we are told, Sargent's celebrated decorations affected her strangely. "I don't ever expect to know what it all means," she said earnestly. "Perhaps that's why I never get tired of studying it. All that chaotic mystery of wings and lions, and shadowy creatures makes you try to remember something that must have been ages and ages ago, and just when your heart aches so that it seems about to burst and spill out the secret, then the old prophets step out from their places, and tell you that there is no use trying. I can't keep away from it."

Studious Mr. Jenks (Sawyer's *A Local*

"—the latter-day edition of the historic Old South Church."—*Margaret Allston's "Her Boston Experiences."*

Habitation) generally put in his Sundays at the Library, which this fictitious individual could only do to-day sub rosa, for the novel of which he forms a part has been debarred from its shelves.

Across from the Library is the "latter-day edition of the historic Old South Church, whose congregation, after several removals, has settled in New Boston, a long distance from the original site of the church." A block farther on at the corner of Dartmouth and Newbury streets we find the Art Club where the heroine of *Her Boston Experiences* was taken to an annual exhibition which "seemed to be but a social gathering decorated by the pictures on the walls."

Returning past the church and down Boylston street a block to Exeter, we come upon the new hotel, which we imagine is the house described as The Hanover where Craighead brought his bride (*Truth Dexter*) and endeavored to initiate her into the mysteries of modern apartment house life.

VII. THE SOUTH END

WITH the exception of Mr. Howells, and more recently Walter Leon Sawyer, few novelists have found inspiration in that—from the Back Bay point of view—"impossible" section of the town known as the South End. Mr. Bates felt the outskirts of it to be a suitable abiding place for the equally "impossible" Mrs. Amanda Welsh Sampson (*The Philistines*), who lived "at the top of a speaking tube in one of those apartment hotels which stand upon the debatable ground between the select region of the Back Bay and the scorned precincts of the South End." This, we suspect, is Huntington Avenue, a street of Nottingham lace curtains, carefully draped back to show the Rogers Groups on neat marble stands. In this street also lived Mr. David Willis (Aldrich's *Goliah*), and the same debatable ground became the home, after Mrs. Kent's death (*The Sentimentalists*), of Vernon and his sister. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

in her novel *Hitherto* calls the South End a piece of New York patched on, while a

CONCORD SQUARE

"He had not built, but had bought very cheap of a terrified gentleman of good extraction, who discovered too late that the South End was not the thing."—*Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham."*

"The bit of Virginia creeper planted under the window hung shrivelled upon its trellis."—*"Their Wedding Journey."*

younger novelist, in referring to this locality, says it was laid out after the manner of New York in an unsuccessful attempt to turn the tide of fashion away from Beacon Street.

But because it was unfashionable, it exactly suited Colonel Lapham (*The Rise of Silas Lapham*) in the socially unambitious stage of his career. "He had not built, but had bought very cheap of a terrified gentleman of good extraction, who discovered too late that the South End was not the thing, and who in the eagerness of his flight to the Back Bay threw in his carpets and shades for almost nothing." This locality in the novel Mr. Howells calls Nankeen Square, but the actual place he had in mind is Concord Square, where the trees in the pretty oval make as charming an autumnal display as in the days when Penelope Lapham admired them. Here also is the home of the Marches (*Their Wedding Journey*) with its bit of Virginia creeper still growing over the window as the novelist describes.

Harrison Avenue, "a queer, melancholy street, which, without having yet accomplished its destiny as a business thoroughfare, is no longer the home of decorous ease," was where

the Pythoness lived with her father Dr. Boynton (Howell's *An Undiscovered Country*). This avenue is called by Mr. Howells Pleasant in *The Minister's Charge.*

Mr. Henry James also had it in mind in describing the home of Miss Birdseye (*The Bostonians*) who lived in a row of red houses with protuberant fronts, approached by ladders of stone. Her mansion "had a salient front, an enormous and very high number—756—painted in gilt on the glass light above the door, a tin sign bearing the name of a doctress suspended from one of the windows of the basement and a peculiar look of being both new and faded—a kind of modern fatigue, like certain articles of commerce which are sold at a reduction as shop-worn." Here Basil was taken by Olive to that extraordinary meeting made memorable to him by the presence of Verena Tarrent. While Miss Birdseye—"the whole moral history of Boston was reflected in her displaced spectacles"—was herself a revelation to the

southern man plunged so unexpectedly into Olive's set.

We are given to understand that as a typical Bostonian Olive Chancellor could not fail to belong to a "set." She had a preference for what she called real people and there were several whose reality she had tested by arts known to herself. This little society was rather suburban than miscellaneous; it was prolific in ladies who trotted about early and late, with books from the Athenæum nursed behind their muffs, or little nosegays of exquisite flowers that they were carrying as presents to each other—they were always apparently straining a little, as if they might be too late for something."

Near Harrison Avenue is upper Washington Street the scene of *A Local Habitation*. "Now that it has ceased to be a region of homes, all one can say of that portion of Washington Street which lies between Waltham and Northampton streets is that it will—sometime—be a part of the business section. In the course

of transition it has already passed that initial stage in which every other basement announces 'Table Board.' It is now the field on which is continually re-enacted the Tragedy of the Small Shop. . . . It seemed to Carter that with the exception of the saloon, which was quite at home, all the shops wore a certain air of discouraged effort. Evidently the people who lived near them were studious of bargains —which they sought elsewhere."

In this novel Mr. Sawyer has given us a sympathetic study of a South End lodging house — a form of realism in which Mr. Howells is pre-eminent. "I can conceive," the author makes one of the lodgers say, "that a novelist *might* study the hearts and lives of these South-Enders, and then display them to the shame of more fortunate folk. He could tell of the faithful toil, the unremitting self-denial, by which so many families are held together in homes that are really homes, though they stand mid-way the pawnshop and the poorhouse. . . . He would show how the poor

help the poorer, how men maintain their honesty and women their chastity though pressed by bitter temptation; how the worst tenement in the meanest street may shelter people who are thoughtful and generous and kind."

Mrs. Keats Bradford in Miss Pool's novel of that name once stopped in a quiet hotel in the South End where she was as much by herself as if she were in a foreign town. This was, perhaps, the Commonwealth Hotel, at the west end of Worcester Square — a square in which we linger because it became the home of dear old Jamie McMurtagh (*Pirate Gold*) when, at the time of the marriage of Mercedes to St. Clair, he sold the house in Salem Street. The St. Clairs lived with him in this new and pleasant place, where there was a little park with trees in front, and the novelist tells us that it delighted the unselfish old Jamie to let St. Clair away early from the bank and to remain himself alone over the ledgers, imagining St. Clair hurrying home, and the greeting kiss, and the walk they got along the shells of the

beach before supper, with the setting sun slanting to them over the wide bay from the Brookline hills.

Columbus Avenue, one of the most prominent of the South End streets, is the locality to which the Kents moved from Beacon Hill and is graphically described by Mr. Pier in *The Sentimentalists.* "In this region," he says, "the streets are flat, treeless ashpalted wastes, lined with brick shells, in most of which the vestibules bear a perferation of electric buttons and suggest the but recently abated presence of a slovenly scrub-woman. The window-curtains are uniformly of frowsy lace; there are at intervals little bakeries and restaurants, all of which have lace curtains. . . . The district is peopled largely with those who board; with students in schools of oratory and expression, music students, art students, seamstresses and shop-girls. The apartment-houses are tenanted by different classes; by hard-working artisans and their families, by quacks, by persons who range from the acme of the

commonplace to the abominable of Bohemia, and by clerks and professional men, whose ambition has faded, year by year, yet who, in

28 RUTLAND SQUARE—THE HOME OF MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

"London was in the air at this house."—*Margaret Allston's "Her Boston Experiences."*

their humble surroundings, rear their children with all the watchful love and eager hope of those more fortunate brethren whose poor hacks they are."

Running off this avenue, another novelist tells us are the most interesting domestic squares in Boston, and in one of them, in Number 28 Rutland Square, we find the home of that charming poet and author, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who, we are informed by the heroine of *Her Boston Experiences*, never makes calls, but receives in salon fashion once a week. London was in the air at this house where Margaret Alston spent her most interesting half-hour. socially, in Boston.

IN OLD BOSTON

I. ABOUT THE WHARVES

THE fictional rambler who strolls down among the wharves at the lower end of the old part of the city will find stretched out a vista of romance from the days of the departure and return, in 1745 of the Louisburg heroes of which Bynner writes in *Agnes Surriage*, to the stirring old East India days in the first half of the last century of which Mr. Howells in *A Woman's Reason* and Mr. Stimson in *Pirate Gold* tell so sympathetically.

Agnes Surriage "the maid of Marblehead" during her first months in Boston loved to frequent these docks where the bustling familiar scene brought back to her the associations of her fisher home; and there she fled,

turning as if by natural instinct to the sea when smarting under the humiliation of Frankland's compromising proposal. Hers was, as Holmes says,

> *"The old, old story—fair, and young,*
> *And fond,—and not too wise,—*
> *That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,*
> *To maids with downcast eyes."*

and so closely does the novel follow the facts of her remarkable and actual career that it is difficult to tell where truth leaves off and fiction begins. Bynner gives us one of his many pictures of her in this locality on Long Wharf at the foot of State Street.

Here where commercial trafic jostles the elbow we will continue our rambles, lingering to conjure up in imagination that memorable day as described by the novelist when the return of the Louisburg expedition set the town agog.

Agnes—having harkened to the voice of the tempter—was then living with Frankland, the dashing young Collector, but had not per-

I remember the black wharves and the slips
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships ;
And the magic of the sea.
—*Longfellow's "Lost Youth."*

mitted herself to appear in public until that day when, roused by the excitement of the occasion and yielding to his entreaties, she consented to drive with him to King, now State Street, where the fine equipage took its place in the great throng of vehicles on the way down to Long Wharf to help Warren and Pepperel ashore. "Boston," says Bynner, "had known few such opportunities for a pageant. Nature, too, conspired to the success of the occasion by making that first of June a radiant day. The whole populace came forth to celebrate their first great military achievement, now renowned throughout the world." Poor Agnes, embarrassed by the stares of the curious took no pleasure in the excitement, but the Collector's blood was fired and they remained in the crowd at the wharf until the heroes had landed and marched, followed by the shouting populace to the Town House.

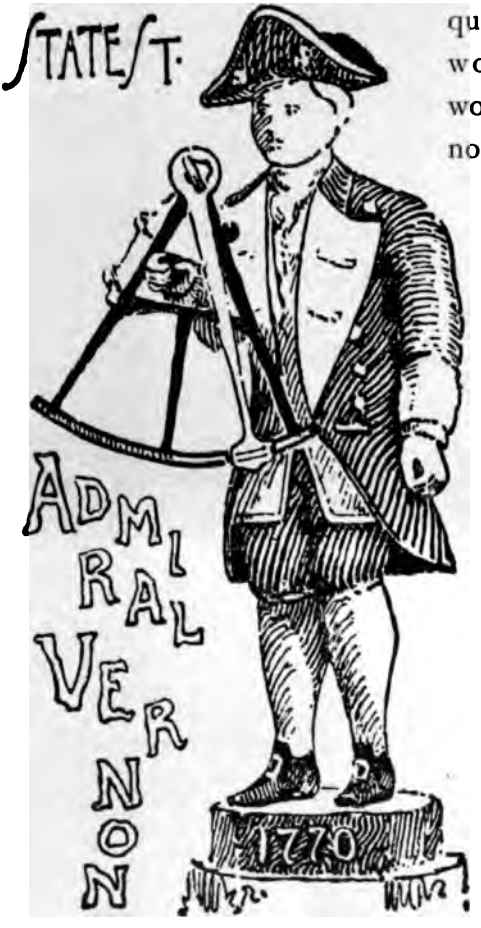
This Long Wharf has played a particularly conspicuous part in Boston fiction. Histori-

cally it was the scene of so many stirring events that it is small wonder the romancer has spun his delicate web about it. There Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln* landed from England on an early April morning in 1775, and a dreary place he appears to have found it. The wharves were naked, Cooper tells us. "A few neglected and dismantled ships were lying at different points; but the hum of business, the forests of masts, and the rattling of wheels which at that early hour should have distinguished the great mart of the colonies, were wanting. In their places were to be heard at intervals, the sudden burst of distant martial music, the riotous merriment of the soldiery who frequented the taverns at the water's edge, or the sullen challenges of the sentinels from the vessels of war, as they vexed the progress of the few boats which the inhabitants still used in their ordinary pursuits."

At this wharf a year later were the boats which carried many of the British troops to Breed's Hill, among them "Wolfe's own" of which

Lionel Lincoln was the Major, left behind on that memorable day, Cooper explains, because Gage saw fit to fill his place with another and, he said, a less important man. A brilliant scene was the departure of the over-confident troops whose officers thought it was to be merely an affair of out-posts. The following year when the royal army was rapidly retiring, Sir Lionel Lincoln, baronet by the recent death of his father, embarked in a small boat from Long Wharf for the British frigate which carried him and his pretty kinswoman, Cecil Dynevor, whom he had married, back to England and their baronial estates.

At the head of Long Wharf old Deacon Shem Drowne, who is not a fictitious person, but has been immortalized by Hawthorne in his *Mosses From an Old Manse*, had his shop just at the water's edge. This was when the water's edge meant where the Custom House is now standing. Hawthorne tells us that men of taste about the wharf were wont to show their love for the arts by fre-



THE INSPIRATION OF A BIT OF HAWTHORNE ALLEGORY

quent visits to Drowne's workshop where his wooden images excited not only their admiration but that of Copley, the artist, who was an occasional visitor. Here came the jovial Captain Hunnewell to order for his Cynosure—"the sweetest craft that ever floated," such a figurehead as old Neptune never saw in his life. The Captain had his own ideas about this image which touched Drowne with such inspiration that he

produced a masterpiece the like of which the good old town had never seen carved from an oaken log. An exquisite female figure it was, endowed with such naturalness that on first seeing it persons felt impelled to remove their hats and pay such reverence as was due to the richly dressed and beautiful young lady who actually seemed to stand in a corner of the room with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Hawthorne further gives his imagination full play in picturing Drowne a modern Pygmalion discovered by his townsmen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady while gazing with a lover's passionate ardor into the face his own hands had created.

The Cynosure with its remarkable figure head has sailed into oblivion, but a reduced likeness of its jovial Captain is preserved for us in the Shem Drowne figure of Admiral Vernon, finished shortly after the Cynosure sailed. This image never took its rightful place on the prow of a vessel but became the

picturesque sign at the doorway of a shop at the head of Long Wharf, where since 1770 it has stolidly gazed at the passer by, to be removed within a few months to a window in Central Street, nearby.

The quaint little man holding a telescope and quadrant does not present a very jovial aspect, but he is stylishly dressed in the costume of the period as Hawthorne describes. The paint is somewhat worn from his gayly-coloured clothes, but he presents a dignified appearance and commands respect from the passer-by as the inspiration of a bit of Hawthorne allegory. It is easy to imagine that the romancer liked to linger about the old shop of which the Admiral Vernon sign formed a part, for, situated at that time at the corner of State and Broad streets in a block recently torn down, it was a veritable antiquity with its quaint nautical instrument business established in 1770 when State was King Street. One wonders if Dickens did not stroll in there during his Boston visit and find in the image a sug-

gestion for the little figure displayed by Walter's uncle in Domby and Son.

Since 1720 there has been standing on Long Wharf the Salt House, of literary interest as being the place where Hawthorne wrote the Scarlet Letter. He used a little back room on the top floor which, we are told, had the only window in the upper story that looked out on T wharf, and the ceiling was so low that, on entering, a tall man with a high hat had to stoop. It is probable that the romancer did not find this fact at all disturbing. The room which underwent the usual changes when some years ago the building was remodeled is now occupied by prosperous fish merchants. That classic shades hover over their prosaic offices is unsuspected

THE OLD SALT HOUSE, WHERE HAWTHORNE WROTE "THE SCARLET LETTER"

by the present occupants, one of the oldest of whom when told recently that Hawthorne was identified with the place, said he guessed not, there'd been no such person in the business in his time and he'd known the Salt House in and out for sixty years!

Captain Moore Carew, the hero of F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett*, in search of work tries the counting rooms of Long Wharf to be refused by one prim old gentleman after another. And from the same wharf in search of further adventures he later set sail for the Barbadoes. In his *Two Years Before the Mast* Richard Henry Dana, junior, writes sympathetically of approaching the wharves on his return voyage and the joy of hearing, floating out to him across the water, the bells of the Old South.

A few steps south of Long is India Wharf, during the first half of the last century as crowded with commercial interest as were its warehouses with the spices of the East. A counting room there was more than

a badge of respectability, it marked its owner as an aristocrat. At the head of India Wharf, two flights up in an old granite building, was the counting room of James Bowdoin's Sons which is the scene of much of the story of *Pirate Gold.* Mr. Stimson calls it India Wharf in his novel, but the actual counting room which he had in mind was that of Mr. Josiah Bradlee, a famous old Boston merchant, whose warehouses are standing to-day on Central Wharf, which lies next to India. A style of office now extinct was Mr. James Bowdoin's: "The floor of the room was bare. Between the windows on one side, was an open empty stove; on the other were two high desks, with stools. An eight-day clock ticked comfortably on the wall, and on either side of it were two pictures, wood-cuts, eked out with rude splashes of red and blue by some primitive process of lithography; the one represented 'The Take of a Right Whale in Behring's Sea by the Good Adventure Barque out of New Bedford;' and the other

the 'Landing of His Majesty's Troops in Boston, His Majesty's province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, 1766.' There was not a sea on earth, probably that did not bear its boundary ship sent out from that small office. And if it was still in there, it had a cosmopolitan, aromatic smell; for every strange letter or foreign sample with which the place was littered bespoke the business of the bright, blue world outside."

Strolling into the old granite building at the head of Central Wharf and climbing up the stairway to-day, one expects to overtake the infuriated Mr. James Bowdoin going up through the cloud of aromatic dust, which his fun-loving son, literally following certain preemptory orders, had made by sweeping stairs unswept for years. It is interesting to know that the delightful eccentricities of the lovable Mr. James Bowdoin existed in his prototype, Mr. Josiah Bradlee, who is well remembered by present-day Bostonians.

The romantic side of the trade of the Orient

is graphically described in *A Woman's Reason*, by Howells, who places the counting-room of the father of the heroine on India wharf. Harkness was one of the last of the East India merchants, and Captain Butler said it made one think of the *ancient regime* to look at him. The two men reminisced one day in Mr. Harkness's library over the departed glories of what they called the grandest commerce in the world—with Helen Harkness for an enraptured audience. To Helen, India Wharf meant only the place "the Nahant boat starts from" and that is largely what it means to the younger generation to-day. But her father clung to the old traditions and so did old Mr. James Bowdoin, who, in spite of the great changes in the business which he lived to see, never failed to get very early to the little counting-room as in the days when he might hope to find some ship of his own, fresh from the Orient, warping into the dock.

The wharves in the times just following the Revolution play an important part in Bynner's

Zachary Phips for Scarlett's Wharf was a favorite haunt of Zach. This wharf no longer remains, but it stood in former days at the foot of Fleet Street, then called Scarlett's Wharf Lane, and Bynner pictures a bustling scene of 'longshoremen, stevedores, and sailors rolling casks, carrying bags and sacks with the usual accompaniment of shouting and cursing. Such an atmosphere was fascinating to a boy of Zach's temperament and it is no astonishment to learn that sneaking on to a vessel at the edge of the dock, Zach, one day, ran off to sea.

These wharves come into some prominence in Holme's *The Guardian Angel* during the search so humorously described, of the two young men and rivals, Murray Bradshaw and Cyprian Eveleth for the missing Myrtle Hazard. Murray visited all the wharves, enquiring on every vessel where it seemed possible she might have been looking about. On Sunday he learned that "a youth corresponding to his description of Myrtle in her probable dis-

guise had been that morning on board the Swordfish — doubtless intending to take passage in her. The next morning he walked down to the wharf, where the Swordfish was moored. The ship had left the wharf and was lying out in the stream. A small boat had just reached her, and a slender youth, as he appeared at the distance, climbed, not over adroitly, up the vessel's side. Murray Bradshaw called to a boatman nearby and ordered the man to row him over as fast as he could to the vessel lying in the stream. He had no sooner reached the deck of the Swordfish than he asked for the young person who had just been put on board." Told that he was below "his heart beat, in spite of his cool temperament, as he went down the steps leading to the cabin. The young person was talking earnestly to the Captain, and, on his turning round, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw had the pleasure of recognizing his young friend, Mr. Cyprian Eveleth!"

Docks like these of the novelists were Longfellow's:

——black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

Passing northward up Atlantic Avenue which skirts the margin of the water, we pause a moment before turning into Fleet Street to remember that, where modern ware-houses and stores are stretched interminably once stood the home of that much loved character in fiction, Trueman Flint, the hero of Maria Cummins's *The Lamplighter*. Two generations recall and discuss with a third to-day the fortunes of Gerty, the heroine. This novel belongs to the semi-romantic class of literature, but has retained its immense hold on the public because of the noble, endearing qualities of the old Lamplighter around whom the elaborate plot is woven. Undoubtedly he was a true character. "Of course," asserted a young

admirer, "Wasn't his name Trueman?" Perhaps she and Miss Cummins may not have had the same interpretation of the hero's name, but if he was not "true" at the beginning, true he has become to thousands of readers to whom the author has made him so convincing. Poor as he was, his home, she is very particular to tell us, was a decent, two-storied house with a small, narrow enclosed yard and a little gate close to the sidewalk. True lodged in the back of the house and a veritable paradise it seemed to Gertie when he took the little waif in to "bide" with him.

The neighbourhood is full of associations with this loving and much loved pair, and lingering at the water's edge one looks about, alas! in vain, for that fascinating wood-yard the sanctum of Gerty, where, "out of sight of the houses there was an immense pile of timber of different lengths and unevenly placed, the planks forming on one side a series of irregular steps by which it was easy to climb up. Near the top was a little sheltered recess

overhung by some long planks, and forming a miniature shed, protected by the wood on all sides but one, and from that looking out upon the water. To escape from the old shrew, Nan Grant with whom she lived, and spend hours in this retreat watching the lively sailors at work, was all the happiness little Gerty knew until she was taken into the home of the Lamplighter.

II. THE HEART OF THE OLD NORTH END

OF the Old North End, as the novelists have depicted it, there is to-day more trace than the casual reader or rambler would fancy. History and romance are delightfully interwoven in much of the fiction which treats of this section of the town. Leaving Atlantic Avenue and the wharves it is interesting to turn up old Fleet Street—so named when it grew from Scarlett's Wharf Lane to the dignity of a street in 1708, and give oneself up to the world of Cooper, Byn-

ner, Hawthorne, Stimson and Lydia Maria Child, whose semi-historical characters, to the imaginative, people the crooked old streets swarming in reality with the mixed foreign element which pervades the North End. These writers saturated themselves with the atmosphere of the town, which was the more easy for Cooper, perhaps, for in 1824 when he came on to Boston and prowled around the North End to get his local colour for *Lionel Lincoln*, many of the landmarks were standing, notably the Sir Henry Frankland House which he describes as Mrs. Lechmeres's in the novel, and where, tradition has it, he stayed while collecting his material.

This locality in Colonial days held the Boston world of wealth and fashion, and we do not go far up Fleet Street before coming to little Garden Court Street, now a block of shabby brick houses, but in former days the mansions of Sir Harry Frankland and Governor Hutchinson, side by side, occupied the entire square from Fleet to Prince Streets.

Then the street was known as Friezel Court and a most detailed description of the Hutchinson mansion with its gardens running back

"Both paused for a moment opposite the Lieutenant-Governor's elegant mansion."—*Lydia M. Child's "The Rebels."*

"There's palaces for you! Stingy Tommy lived in the one with the pile-axters, and the flowers hanging to their tops."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

to Fleet and Hanover Streets is given by Miss Child in *The Rebels.* The large brick house was ornamented in front with four Corinthian pilasters and the novelist tells us that when the Lieutenant-Governor's young nephew, Captain Somerville arrived from England, he was

struck by the uncommon beauty of the interior. "The entrance Hall displayed a spacious arch richly carved and gilded and ornamented with busts and statues. The light streamed full on the soul-beaming countenance of Cicero and playfully flickered on the brow of Tulliola. The panelling of the parlor was of the dark, richly shaded mahogany of St. Domingo elaborately ornamented. Busts of George III. and his young queen were placed in front of a splendid mirror with bronze lamps on each side with beautiful transparencies, one representing the destruction of the Spanish armada, the other giving a fine view of a fleet of line-of-battle ships, drawn up before the rock of Gibraltar."

In this room transpired many of the scenes in *The Rebels*, notably the brilliant gathering assembled for the marriage of the Governor's niece Lucretia Fitzherbert to his nephew Captain Summerville when that spirited young woman interrupted the ceremony to jilt the bridegroom and expose his perfidy to the as-

tounded guests. More thrilling things than these happened in the library of the house on a night early in the story when the Governor and Dr. Byles were quietly deciphering a manuscript brought over from England by the young captain. Take a peep into this room of the scholar and the antiquarian and see how splendidly it was hung with canvas tapestry, "on which was blazoned the coronation of George II., here and there interspersed with the royal arms. The portraits of Anne and the two Georges hung in massive frames of antique splendour, and the crowded shelves were surmounted with busts of the house of Stuart."

Into this scholarly atmosphere came Somerville with news of the infuriated state of the populace outside, which hardly had he imparted when the mob was heard at the doors crying vengeance on "stingy Tommy," heartily detested. The family escaped through the garden and the mob wreaked its anger on the house which half were for burning, but satis-

fied themselves by joining the others in ruthlessly destroying the beauty of the interior. The library particularly suffered. Books were stripped from their covers, manuscripts torn to pieces, the royal portraits rent from top to bottom, and the beautiful swan-like neck of Mary Stuart was all that remained of the proud line of busts.

Next door to this mansion stood the scarcely less noted one of Sir Harry Frankland, from the windows of which the self-imprisoned, unhappy Agnes Surriage, in fact as well as in fiction (Bynner's *Agnes Surriage*), wistfully gazed down upon those haughty dames who passed her by. Plain to severity was the exterior of Collector Frankland's house, but this, the novelist assures us, was merely an architectural mask —a Puritanical cloak, as it were, covering the swashing bravery of a Royalist and courtier. A buffet groaning with massive plate and a cellar stocked with choicest wines were not the least of the ornaments of a luxurious house, the grand staircase of which was so broad and

easy of ascent that Frankland used to ride his pony up and down. Like a body reft of its soul Agnes sat amid the splendour of her new

"Plain to severity was the exterior of the collector's house, but this was merely an architectural mask, a Puritanical cloak, as it were, covering the swashing bravery of a Royalist and courtier."—*Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."*

home, and departed from it with thankfulness when eventually they took up their residence at Hopkinton.

Using this Frankland house, which he places in Tremont Street, as the abode of the aristo-

cratic Mrs. Lechmère, the aunt of Lionel Lincoln, Cooper describes it at length as the most splendid in the town. He permits his hero to dwell there for some time as the guest of his aunt and young cousins, one of whom he marries while the other, Agnes Danforth, marrying an American officer, continues to live in the old house after her great-aunt's death.

THE HOME OF PAUL REVERE

Garden Court Street leads directly into North Square, always a triangle, where on the north side stands today the house of Paul Revere from which he started on that famous ride which Longfellow has made immortal. The little frame house is not imposing, having sunk to the level of an Italian shop and tenement, but it is interesting to the rambler as being

one of the few old North End houses remaining.

Turn east and pass out North Square through Moon, which is just below Garden Court Street. Here on the east side, half way between the Square and Fleet Street, Sir Harry Frankland had as his neighbour the witty Rev. Samuel Mather, with whom he loved to parley. Bynner (*Agnes Surriage*) describes their meeting one evening in Moon Street, when the eccentric parson urged him to come to prayer meeting, promising to make him a special subject of supplication in return for the box of lemons the Collector had sent him. To which Frankland makes reply that he had ample payment in the clever verses returned. These verses written February 20, 1757, were as follows :—

You know from Eastern India came
The skill of making punch, as did the name;
And as the name consists of letters five,
By five ingredients it is kept alive,
To purest water sugar must be joined
With these the grateful acid is combined;

Some any sours they get contented use,
But men of taste do that from Tagus choose.
When now these three are mixed with care,
Then added be of spirit a small share;
And that you may the drink quite perfect see,
Atop the musky nut must grated be.

From Moon pass into Fleet Street and down to North, turning east a block to Clark Street where we do not see the present squalor but instead conjure up the old "Ship Tavern," a famous ordinary to which Bynner's Zachary Phips used frequently to be running after 'baccy for the sailors, and there Mr. James (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*) sometimes took his father, Mr. James Bowdoin, for a glass of flip.

A short distance along North Street Salutation Alley strikes across to Hanover and retains one at least of the characteristics fiction has ascribed to it, for the narrowest street in the town it was and is, and in it stood a quaint hostelry called Salutation Tavern or "The Two Palavers," where Agnes (*Agnes Surriage*) went in search of Job Redden and

found him in the tap-room. In her excitement it is doubtful if she took note of the quaint sign-board on which were painted two old gossips in the act of greeting, which gave the name to both inn and street.

"He wended his way to Salutation Alley."—*Bynner's Zachary Phips.*"

Farther down the alley was the home of Zach (*Zachary Phips*) who seldom entered his father's home by the street door, but preferred the rear by way of the garden which stretched back to Battery Street. And here Job Pray brought Lionel (Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*), on that roundabout excursion through narrow and gloomy streets, terminating at Copp's Hill.

Salutation Street, or Alley, as in the old days it was called, comes out opposite Charter Street, and it is a walk of three short blocks

up Hanover to North Bennett Street where Master Tileston, a personage in his day, taught not only the fictitious Zach Phips but all the actual boys of Boston in his famous Old North Writing School. "His cocked hat, his powdered wig, his long-skirted coat, his voluminous waistcoat, and lastly his silver-headed Malacca stick," says the novelist, "were the accessories of a person not to lightly encountered save by the innocent and pure in heart." Skirmishes went on among the boys while Master Tileston, familiarly called "Johnny Crump," was seemingly intent on copybooks, and Zach, one day, was caught whispering. So merciless was the thrashing given him that the boy whirled about on the pedagogue with a "you'll never lick *me* again, old Johnny Crump, Crumpity Crump!" and darted from the room never to return, before the amazed master could interfere. A large public school now stands on the site of the frame house where the irascible master held sway.

Parallel with North Bennet Street and one

block east is Tileston Street, named for Boston's illustrious school-master and interesting to all lovers of the Agnes Surriage, of the novel, as being the street in which she lived while making her first home in the town with the Widow Ruck. Frankland, whose protégé the girl then was, found this boarding place for her and there she faithfully applied herself to the somewhat arduous task of taking on the fine polish of a lady. From the windows of her room, Bynner tells us, lay outspread the Town Dock to far off Frog Lane, bristling with the many characteristic features of provincial Boston — the fine new hall just given by the munificent Faneuil; the Town House; the frowning fortifications of Fort Hill; the shabby little King's Chapel, the towering steeple of the Old South; the royal colors flying above Deacon Shem Drowne's Indian image on the distant province house; the last but not least, farther to the west, triple-peaked Beacon Hill.

The Widow Ruck, an amusing and wholly fictitious character, had, the novelist says, a

"The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still."
Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride"

large thrifty garden which covered a space now occupied by several brick blocks, and an odd corner of this she was induced, by the persuasive Frankland, to turn over to Agnes. Here the then happy fisher girl and the debonnair Collector botanized. The hitherto neglected corner was speedily filled with curious and beautiful plants, for every time Frankland came it was with some choice plant or seed fetched from abroad which Agnes tended with devotion. This pretty pastime was fact and not fiction, and for this rare garden the novelist thinks Frankland laid the world under contribution.

Only a stone's throw farther on lies Salem Street winding as in the old days east and west. Part of this ancient street in 1708 was known as Back Street from the fact that it described the limits and sea margin of the town. Fictional interest centres at once in Christ Church, the dominant building not only of the street but the entire North End. Erected in 1723, this church is the oldest in Boston

standing on its original ground. Bynner's characters did not attend it, but he speaks of Frankland's keeping his chronometer by its bells which tolled the curfew hour. Mr. Stimson's pretty heroine *Pirate Gold*, Mercedes, sometimes attended the services in Christ Church, escorted by the clumsy Hughson. Here, in those anti-Episcopal days, "were scarcely a dozen worshippers; and you might have a square, dock-like pew all to yourself, turn your back upon the minister, and gaze upon the painted angels blowing gilded trumpets in the gallery." A poet's rhymes have immortalized the steeple of Christ Church as all readers of "Paul Revere's Ride" know.

Beside Christ Church in Salem Street stands to-day the curious little house where the child Mercedes (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*) was taken to live when James McMurtagh adopted her. Jamie, who was Scotch, liked it because it might have been a little house in some provincial town at home. Later in the story Jamie sold this house and removed to a more fash-

ionable quarter only to return to it in after years, and there the noble, unselfish old soul

HOME OF THE M'MURTAGHS—SALEM STREET

"Jamie liked it because it might have been a little house in some provincial town at home."—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

in his sixtieth year was attacked by that illness which so nearly proved fatal. How the heart throbs in watching by his bed-

side, where the pathetic old fellow "lay unconscious of earthly things. For many weeks his spirit, like a tired bird, hovered between this world and the next, uncertain where to light." To the infinite relief of the reader it lights on terra firma and we leave Jamie happy to live again for his lost Mercedes's little Sarah in the old house in Salem Street.

THE HOUSE IN HULL STREET WHERE GAGE IS SAID TO HAVE PLANNED THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

Turning north from this picturesque dwelling, we pass up Hull Street, which is directly opposite Christ Church. This quaint street leads up a short ascent to Copp's Hill burying-ground. Before reaching that inclosure, however, we pass on the left, half-way up the hill, an old gambrel-roof house,

COPP'S HILL BURYING-GROUND

"His footsteps were deeply marked around her grave; and not even the terrible scenes in which his ardent soul was afterward actively engaged could drive her from his memory."—*Lydia M. Child's* "*The Rebels.*"

to which — so Job Pray said (Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*) Gage secretly retired to plan the battle of Bunker Hill. Remarkably well preserved inside and out is the house, unchanged since it was built. It is now occupied by a venerable little Irishman "bowed with his fourscore years and ten" — a well-known and unique character in a neighbourhood Italian — who is persuaded sometimes to allow within his gates the stranger permitted not to conjure up the shades of Cooper's characters, but quaintly made conversant of the fact that mine host, now retired from active business, is the oldest living fish merchant on T Wharf.

It is but a few steps on to Copp's Hill burying-ground where

Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Here, too, sleeps the gentle Grace Osborne, who moves like some spirit from another world through the pages of *The Rebels*, the hero of which, Captain Somerville, breaking faith with her, likewise broke her tender heart. Everyone

remembers the exquisite letter of forgiveness and farewell she left for him and which was fowarded to the King's Head Tavern, Baltimore, where he was then supposed to be. "Three weeks after a young man called upon the sexton and requested the key of Mr. Osborne's tomb. With weak, irregular steps he entered the house of death, and raised the lid of the coffin last placed there. . . . Not a sigh, not a tear relieved the bursting anguish of his heart. His eye accidentally rested on the inscription:—Grace Osborne, aged 19. Departed this life May 27th, 1769." A month later Captain Somerville died and was laid to rest not far from his mourned love, in the south-east corner of the cemetery where the tomb of the Hutchinson family, of which he was a member, still remains. The beautiful coat-of-arms of the aristocratic family emblazons the slab of sand-stone which covers the entrance to the tomb desecrated by an act of vandalism, for the name of Hutchinson has been obliterated and that of Thomas Lewis cut in its place.

With broad and brilliant strokes in *Lionel Lincoln* Cooper paints for us this famed hill.

THE SPOT FROM WHICH LIONEL LINCOLN WATCHED THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

"—he, too, is for Copp's, where we can all take a lesson in arms by studying the manner in which Howe wields his battalions."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

He has described it by moonlight, when the scene was so weird and uncanny that Lionel refused to wander there among the graves;

again at night in stirring times when, restless and excited, Lionel found himself issuing upon the open space that is tenanted by the dead. "On this eminence the English general had caused a battery of heavy cannon to be raised, and Lionel, unwilling to encounter the challenge of the sentinels, inclining a little to one side, proceeded to the brow of the hill, and seating himself on a stone, began to muse deeply on his own fortunes and the situation of the country. . . . The stillness of midnight rested on the scene, and when the loud calls of "all's well" ascended from the ships and batteries, the momentary cry was succeeded by a quiet as deep as if the universe slumbered under this assurance of safety." From this elevation, with Clinton and Burgoyne, Lionel watched through a spy-glass the fighting at Bunker Hill—told by the novelist in so graphic and pictorial a manner that Bancroft, the historian, says it is the finest description of the battle we have.

In these days there was an unobstructed view of Charlestown, and the whole scene of

ON THE CORNER OF MARGARET AND PRINCE STREETS STANDS THE HOUSE OF MASTER JOHN TILESTON

the bloody struggle lay before these men, who, in the beginning, thought it a glorious spectacle but quickly began to realize that the incessant roll of the American musketry was something to be respected, nay feared ; and when, as the conflict proceeded the result was known, the bewildered group on Copps gazed in each others' faces with undisguised amazement, and then made a mad rush down the hill to the shore and a boat which they ordered to quickly convey them to the scenes of operations. To appreciate the sensation of Major Lincoln and his brother officers of that momentous day one must turn to the sixteenth chapter of *Lionel Lincoln* which alone would have given Cooper fame.

A stone's throw from Copp's Hill, at the corner of Prince and Margaret Streets, stands the home of Master John Tileston (Bynner's *Zachary Phips*). Time has laid its destructive hand on the old house, which, nevertheless, holds its own as one of the few remaining examples of the simple architecture of pre-Revolutionary days.

III. IN AND AROUND DOCK SQUARE

THREADING our way now down Prince and west through Salem Street, we cross Blackstone Street, named for the man who founded Boston. This eccentric individual is made by Hawthorne to play the part of the priest in his tale The May-pole of Merry Mount. At least in the story he is accused of so doing by the austere Endicott, who, calling him "priest of Baäl," demands that he throw off the disguise he has assumed as one of the large party of merrymakers, who were assisting in the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Hawthorne is characteristically vague in the matter. Indeed, in a note appended to the tale he says: "The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest of Merry Mount."

Northwestward from here at the corner of Chambers Street and Green Lane was the

"Wild Goose Tavern" described in Robert W. Chambers's colonial novel *Cardigan.* The tavern — an ancient, discoloured, rambling structure, with a weather-vane atop, and a long pillared porch in front, from which hung a bush of sea-weed, and a red sign-board depicting a creature which doubtless was intended for a wild goose" — was not, the author says, in an aristocratic neighbourhood. "Warehouses, ship-chandlers, rope-walks, and scrap-iron shops lined the streets, interspersed with vacant, barren plots of ground, rarely surrounded by wooden fences. . . . Northward across the misty water the roof and steeples of Charlestown reddened in the sun; to the west the cannon on Copps Hill glittered, pointing seaward over the Northwest Water Mill. From somewhere in the city came the beating of drums and the faint squealing of fifes; the lion banner of England flapped from Beacon Hill; white tents crowned the summit of Valley Acre; the ashes of the Beacon smoked." This was the city as first seen by Cardigan.

Returning now to Blackstone Street and crossing it, we continue a few steps in Hanover Street, when a sharp turn to the left brings us into Marshall Street and up to the Boston Stone, where, on the night of the 14th of August, 1765, Henry Osborne lingered to watch the ominous bon-fire on Fort Hill so vividly described in the opening chapter of *The Rebels*. Though this stone bears the date of 1737 and has a unique history, it is passed unnoticed by the majority of persons who frequent the neighbourhood.

"He leaned a moment on Union (Boston) Stone listening to the distant tumult."—*Lydia M. Child's "The Rebels."*

From here we pass down Union Street or take a short cut to North Street by Creek

"The fine new hall just given by the munificent Faneuil."—*Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."*
"The patriotism of the meetings in 'Old Funnel' rang from the North End to the Neck."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

Lane and Scottow's Alley, emerging upon Faneuil Hall, in Dock Square.

Frankland, the Collector (Bynner's *Agnes Surriage*), attended the great meeting there when Master John Lovell pronounced the funeral oration upon the widely mourned Peter Faneuil, and the novelist gives us an amusing account of a conversation after the meeting, between the Collector and Master Pelham, who, jealous of the honour conferred on his brother pedagogue, consoled himself by tart criticism of the oration. In *The Rebels* is also pictured a Faneuil Hall meeting, this an exciting one called by Samuel Adams to protest against the ruined mansion of Hutchinson and petition the Legislature to repair it at the expense of the State.

On the south side of Faneuil Hall, partially hidden in old Corn Court, is standing the historic Hancock Tavern which figures in Bynner's *Zachary Phips*. The stable yard where Zach loved to mingle with the crowd of teamsters, hostlers and hangers-on, is no more, but

the house itself has undergone few changes and its bar would seem to be doing at the present time as flourishing a business as in the days of Zach and again of Talleyrand, who is said to have sojourned there when in Boston in 1795. The sign of the tavern bearing the weather-stained features of Governor Hancock has been removed from the door and placed in a room teeming with historic but, alas! no literary interest.

"Wandering into the stable-yard of the old Brasier Inn."—*Bynner's "Zachary Phips."*

Such interest, however, centres in the neighbourhood of Dock Square, which is the scene of much of *Lionel Lincoln*. When the young British major frequented it, its centre was a swinging bridge thrown across an inlet from the harbour and extending a short distance into

" After that three booksellers were successively visited by the persevering young author. . . . The third was a melancholy individual, who kept an obscure establishment in Cornhill."—*Trowbridge's "Martin Merrivale."*

the area, forming a shallow dock. The square was composed of low, gloomy buildings, in one of which, a warehouse standing within the memory of many persons, the mysterious Ralph lived with Abigail and Job Pray.

A short walk up through here across Adams Square and we come upon Cornhill, as quaint and interesting as its London prototype. The character of the street has changed somewhat since Trowbridge's *Martin Merrivale*, the hero of the novel of that name, sought out a publisher there for his precious manuscript, *The Beggar of Bagdad*, but if publishers have largely abandoned it to other trades, booksellers still find it a lucrative field, and on either side of its winding street are fascinating antiquarian shops. Martin Merrivale hopefully seeking out a publisher lives through sensations still vivid in the experience of his creator, John T. Trowbridge, when, as a young man, he went to New York to seek his literary fortunes

It is more than probable that to Cornhill also came the brave-hearted old Master Byles

Gridley (Holmes's *The Guardian Angel*), bringing his protegé, the embryo poet, Gifted Hopkins, to call on a publisher who might be persuaded to purchase his MS., a collection of poems entitled "Blossoms of the Soul." In referring to this fictitious young poet Holmes says: "Perhaps I have been too hard with Gifted Hopkins and the tribe of rhymesters to which he belongs. I ought not to forget that I, too, introduced myself to the reading world in a thin volume of verses, many of which had better not have been written, and would not be reprinted now, but for the fact that they have established a right to a place among my poems in virtue of long occupancy. Besides, although the writing of verses is often a mark of mental weakness, I cannot forget that Joseph Story and George Bancroft each published his little book of rhymes, and that John Quincy Adams had left many poems on record, the writing of which did not interfere with the vast and important labors of his illustrious career."

Across from Cornhill, on the space now occupied by Codmen's Buildings, once stood Earl's Coffee-house, from which Zach (Bynner's *Zachary Phips*) started out to New York on the fast mail coach, the Flying Cloud. At the head of Cornhill, in the former residence of one John Wendell, was the Royal Custom House at the time Frankland (Bynner's *Agnes Surriage*) was Collector. Near by was the studio of John Smybert, who, by Frankland's order, painted the portrait of Agnes. Sometimes at her sittings, the novelist says, she ran across the little Jack Copley whom Smybert was teaching, and of whom he truly prophesied when he said: "He hae the richt stuff in him. . . . he's bound to go far ahead o' his old maister ane o' thae days." Through this old Scot's estate Brattle Street in after times burst forth into Scollay Square.

Just south of here in Queen Street, now Court, lived the Osbornes (*The Rebels*) where Governor Hutchinson and his family took refuge at the time his mansion was attacked.

In Queen Street, says the author of *Cardigan*, was the elegant mansion of Mrs. Hamilton who plays a leading part in the book. Here also was the Court-house and prison where Cardigan and Jack Mount were confined. "From the 29th of October until the 15th day of December chained ankle to ankle, wrist to wrist, and wearing a steel collar from which chains hung and were riveted to the rings on my legs, I lay in that vile iron cage known as the 'Pirates' Chapel' in company with Mount and eight sullen, cursing ruffians."

Identified with this street are the tragic figures of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter of which Holmes wrote:

I snatch the book, along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves.

The jail where Hester Prynne was confined was the Old Prison in Prison Lane, as it was called before it became Queen and later Court Street. This is not the jail described in *Cardigan*, but a structure of a much earlier date. "Some fifteen or twenty years after the settle-

ment of the town (*The Scarlet Letter*) the wooden jail was already marked with weather-stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front. The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the New World. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much over-grown with burdock, pigweed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilized society, a prison. But, on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild-rose bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom in token that the deep heart of Nature could

pity and be kind to him." This jail as well as "Pirates' Chapel" (Chamber's *Cardigan*) stood on the site of the present old Court House in Court Street.

The immediate neighbourhood was the market place in which Hester Prynne (*The Scarlet Letter*) was forced to exhibit herself with her baby in her arms and the ignominious letter on her breast, and at the western extremity of the market place was the scaffold, "a penal machine which now for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditional among us, but was held, in the old time, to be as effectual an agent, in the promotion of good citizenship, as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. . . . Hester's sentence bore that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing the grip about the neck and confinement of the head, the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine."

The scaffold stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church situated where now

stands the Rogers building. Historically this was the first church of Boston built originally on ground at the head of what is now State Street, a site occupied by Brazer's Building, but in 1640, just before the opening of *The Scarlet Letter* romance, it was removed to the locality Hawthorne describes. There the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale preached the Election Sermon, and vivid in every mind must be his sensational disclosure and the events preceding and following it. That *The Scarlet Letter* is founded on fact is well known, but it has been stoutly denied that Hawthorne drew his erring minister from the Rev. Thomas Cobbett, of Lynn, who, in 1649, the year named, actually delivered the Election Sermon.

In this locality stood the town pump in Court Street, which, aided by Hawthorne's Muse, thus invoked the passer-by: "Like a dram-seller on the Mall at muster-day I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents and at the very tip-top of my voice: 'Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up,

walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up. Here is the superior stuff; here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!'"

In modern Court Street was the office of Mr. David Willis (Aldrich's *Goliath*) and presumably of another lawyer in fiction, Tom Harbinger (Bates's *Love in a Cloud*) who was never known to stir from his office without his bag—"a lawyer's green bag is in Boston as much a part of his dress as his coat is."

IV. STATE STREET AND THE KING'S CHAPEL NEIGHBOURHOOD

WE now reach the head of State Street where stands, as in the old days, the Town House, now known as the Old State House. In one of its state rooms occurred the celebration in honour of the Louisburg heroes to which reference has

THE OLD STATE HOUSE

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood."

—*Longfellow.*

been made of the description of this event in the pages of *Agnes Surriage.* Among the many pictures adorning the rooms of this historic building, now preserved as a museum, two have distinct literary value—one, the full-length portrait of that noted woman and novelist, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis; the other a reproduction of the portrait of Holmes's celebrated "Dorothy Q." his

Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, ut womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

Standing beneath the lion and the unicorn of the old State House we find Jamie McMurtagh (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*) on the twenty-seventh day of May, eighteen fifty-four, watching a scene memorable in the history of Boston and thus graphically pictured for us by the novelist: "Through historic State

Street, cleared now as for a triumph, marched a company of Federal troops. Behind them, in a hollow square, followed a body of rough-appearing men, each with a short Roman sword and a revolver; and in the open centre, alone and handcuffed, one trembling negro. The fife had stopped, and they marched now in a hushed silence to the tap of a solitary drum; and behind came the naval marines with cannon. The street was hung across with flags, union down or draped in black, but the crowd was still. And all along the street, as far down as the wharf, where the free sea shone blue in the May sunshine, stood, on either side, a close rank of Massachusetts militia, with bayonets fixed, four thousand strong, restraining, behind, the fifty thousand men who muttered angrily, but stood still. Thus much it took to hold the old Bay State down to the Union in 1854, and carry one slave from it to bondage. Down the old street it was South Carolina that walked that day beneath the national flag, and Massachu-

setts that did homage, biding her time until her sister State should turn her arms upon the emblem."

A familiar tramping ground was this busy commercial thoroughfare to Jamie, who always walked "twice daily up the street to the Old Colony Bank, bearing in a rusty leathern wallet anything, from nothing to a hundred thousand dollars, the daily notes and discounts of James Bowdoin's Sons." This bank, under the disguise of the Old Colony, is the Boston National Bank, which, since 1803, has been doing business at Number 50 State Street. The imaginary Mr. James Bowdoin was one of the directors, as was in reality his prototype, Mr. Josiah Bradlee, and it will be remembered that Jamie took a clerkship there when his old firm ceased to do business in India Wharf. Jamie, a most Dickensy character, owes his being to the brain of Mr. Stimson, but it was said that he is suggestive now and then of a former messenger of a bank named Breckenridge, who, early in the century, began life as

an "inside man"—as the Boston phrase is—in the Bradlee family. The pirate gold from

"Jamie always walked twice daily up State Street to the Old Colony Bank, bearing in a rusty leathern wallet anything, from nothing to a hundred thousand dollars, the daily notes and discounts of James Bowdoin's Sons."—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

which Mr. Stimson's story gets its title, and which was responsible for all the joy and misery in Jamie's life, really lay, as described, in its little

mouldy bag "for nearly thirty years, high on a shelf, in an old chest, behind three tiers of tins of papers, in the deepest corner of the vault of the bank. It was never merged in other funds, nor converted, nor put at interest. . . . but carried, in specie, in its original package; four hundred and twenty-three American eagles and fifteen hundred and fifty-six Spanish doubloons. Deposited by ——— de Soto, June twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine; *for the benefit of whom it may concern.*" And it very much concerned Jamie, whom to know is to sorrow for and love.

The State Street of to-day is graphically described by Mr. Edward Bellamy in *Looking Backward.* "Toward three o'clock," the hero says, "I stood on State Street, staring, as if I had never seen them before, at the banks and brokers' offices, and other financial institutions, of which there had been in the State Street of my vision no vestige. Business men, confidential clerks, and errand boys were thronging in and out of the banks, for it wanted but a

few minutes of the closing hour. Opposite me was the bank where I did business, and presently I crossed the street, and going in with the crowd, stood in a recess of the way looking on at the army of clerks handling money, and the cues of depositors at the teller's windows. An old gentleman whom I knew, a director of the bank, stopped a moment. 'Interesting sight, isn't it, Mr. West?' he said. 'Wonderful piece of mechanism; I find it so myself. . . . It's a poem, sir, a poem, that's what I call it. Did you ever think that the bank is the heart of the business system? From it and to it, in endless flux and reflux, the life blood goes. It is flowing in now. It will flow out again in the morning;' and pleased with his little conceit, the old man passed on smiling. . . . Alas for the poor old bank director with his poem! He had mistaken the throbbing of an abscess for the beating of the heart."

Retracing our steps back again through Court Street we come to Tremont Row where

the hero of Miss Phelps's *A Singular Life* had his unpleasant quarter of an hour with the maudlin Job Slip. Bayard, it will be remembered, was driving to the station with Helen Carruth when he came upon the delinquent. "Struggling in the iron grip of two policemen of assorted sizes, the form and tongue of Job Slip were forcibly ornamenting Tremont Row." Rescued by his minister, "Job, who was not too far gone to recognize his preserver, now threw his arms affectionately around Bayard's recoiling neck and became unendurably maudlin. In a voice audible the width of the street, and with streaming tears and loathsome blessings, he identified Bayard as his dearest, best, nearest, and most intimate of friends."

Just beyond here in Tremont Street is the Museum, a theatre dear to the hearts of the Bostonese, where Edward Everett Hale's delightful characters go frequently to see the well-remembered William Warren. In *A Modern Instance* Mr. Howells describes the place as old Bostonians remember it: "They

passed in through the long colonnaded vestibule, with its paintings and plaster casts, and rows of birds and animals in glass cases on either side, and Marcia gave scarcely a glance at any of those objects, endeared by association, if not by intrinsic beauty, to the Boston playgoer. Gulliver, with the Liliputians swarming upon him; the painty-necked ostriches and pelicans; the mummied mermaid under a glass bell; the governor's portraits; the stuffed elephant; Washington crossing the Delaware; Cleopatra applying the asp; Sir William Pepperel at full length, on canvas, and the pagan months and seasons in plaster, . . . were dim phantasmagoria amid which she and Bartley moved scarcely more than real."

Adjoining the Museum is the venerated burying-ground and

> *— Chapel, last of sublunary things*
> *That shocks our echoes with the name of Kings.*

Hawthorne tells us that Dimmesdale and Roger Chillingworth (*The Scarlet Letter*) dwelt in a house covering pretty nearly the

"And, after many, many years a new grave was delved, near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built."—*Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter."*

site on which King's Chapel has since been built. "It had the graveyard," says the romancer, "on one side, and so well adapted to call up serious reflections, suited to their respective employments, in both minister and the man of physic."

Rich in fictional association is this burying-ground where, in their last sleep lie Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne. Many years after Dimmesdale died "a new grave was delved near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both. All around, there were monuments carved with armorial bearings; and on this simple slab of slate there appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a herald's wording of which might serve for a motto and brief description of our now concluded legend; so sombre is it, and relieved only by one ever-

glowing point of light gloomier than the shadow:—

"'*On a field, sable, the letter A, gules.*'"

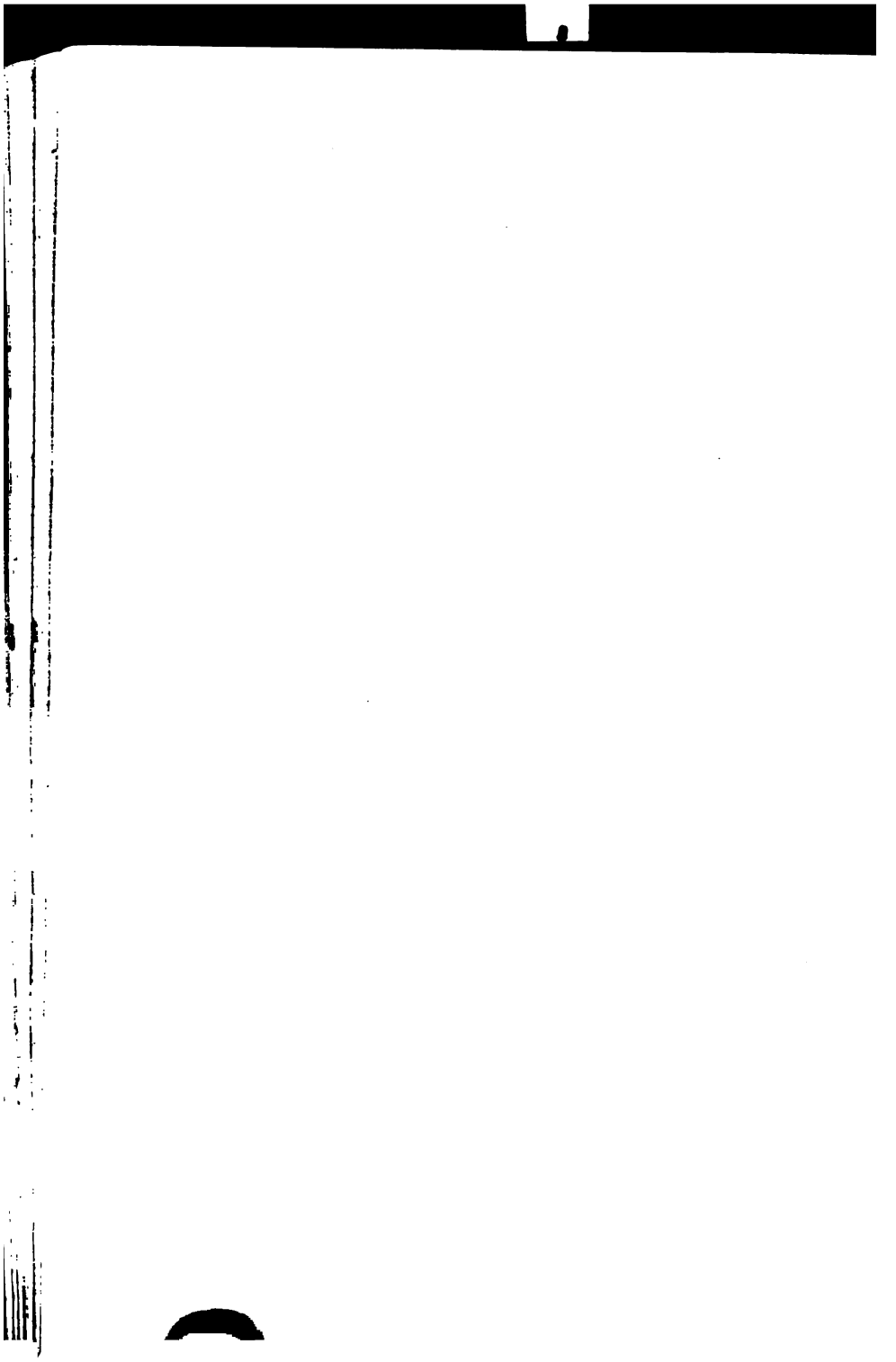
To curious investigators are pointed out several graves which bear a slight resemblance to the one thus described, on which in Hawthorne's day, he asserts, was plainly to be seen the letter A, visible now on no tombstone save only as it takes form in the necromancy of the imagination.

Here, too, lie the Shirleys who figure in the pages of *Agnes Surriage* and Mrs. Lechmêre, Ralph, Job and Abigail Pray of *Lionel Lincoln.* The tomb of the Shirleys — real personages in fiction—remains, but it is impossible to designate the spot where the proud families of Lechmêre and Lincoln were wont to inter their dead. The slate, Cooper says, has long since mouldered from the wall; the sod has covered the stone.

King's Chapel, venerated by present day Bostonians, vies with the old burying-ground in fictional interest. Here, with his relatives

" The chapel, last of sublunary things,
That shocks our echoes with the name of kings."
—*Holmes's "Urania."*

"Going to evening service at King's Chapel, to Olive Chancellor was only one degree more solemn than going to the theatre."—*Henry James's "The Bostonians."*



and brother officers, Major Lincoln (Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*) worshipped; so, too, did the Bowdoins, Jamie and Mercedes (*Pirate Gold*); Frankland, Agnes and the Shirleys (*Agnes Surriage*), and Olive Chancellor (Henry James's *The Bostonians*). Lionel and Cecil were married there during the Revolution and a glance into the interior of the church shows the same laboured columns with their slender shafts admired by Lionel and the same chancel rails on which Cecil threw her mantle before accompanying him to the foot of the altar. "With some éclat," St. Clair and Mercedes (*Pirate Gold*) were likewise married there.

The mind busying itself with these imaginary festivities sees them fade away, to be followed by two funeral processions, which rise from the pages of fiction and flit phantom-like down the aisles. The first is that of Mrs. Shirley, the Governor's lady (*Agnes Surriage*), which peoples the church to the limit of the galleries with her mourners — "the Honourable his Majesty's Council and the House of

Representatives and a vast Number of the principal Gentry of both Sexes of this and the Neighbouring Towns." This distinguished gathering melts away and a smaller one files in following the casket of Mrs. Lechmere (*Lionel Lincoln*) whose funeral train "though respectable was far from extending to that display of solemn countenances which Boston, in its peace and pride, would not have failed to exhibit on any similar occasion." On the south side of the wall of the Chapel is a mural tablet to Frances Shirley, the Governor's lady who lived in fact as well as fancy.

In *The Bostonians* Henry James asserts that to the intense Olive Chancellor, evening service at King's Chapel was only one degree more solemn than going to the theatre. Anna Farquhar, the author of *Her Boston Experiences*, humourously chronicles a woman suffragist meeting here which the heroine out of curiosity attended with Aunt Drusilla. But a true spirit of reverence for "the quaint church with its high-backed box pews cushioned in

"The laboured columns, with their slender shafts and fretted capitals, threw shapeless shadows across the dim background."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

red stuff, its old-fashioned English gallery and high pulpit reached by winding stairs," took her there many a Sunday afternoon to vesper service.

Shadowed by this ancient church and burying-ground, in busy School Street, in front of the City Hall, stands the statue of Benjamin Franklin, in alluding to which Dr. Hale in *My Double and How He Undid Me* says: "Richard Greenough once told me that in studying for the statue of Franklin he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you go and look at the bronze statue you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard."

Across the street is the Parker House or "Parker's" as it is familiarly known where the "Saturday Club gathered about the long table (Holmes's *A Mortal Antipathy*) such a representation of all that was best in American

literature as had never been collected within so small a compass. Most of the Americans

GREENOUGH'S STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—CITY HALL

"—the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling."—*E. E. Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me."*

whom educated foreigners cared to see — leaving out of consideration official dignitaries,

whose temporary importance makes them objects of curiosity — were seated at that board."

"I never can go into that famous 'Corner Bookstore' and look over the new books . . . without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about."—*Holmes's "Over the Teacups."*

Howells makes frequent allusions to this hotel in his Boston novels, particularly in *April Hopes* and here Craighead (*Truth Dexter*) dis-

patched a significant message over the wires to Truth in Alabama.

Just below this house at the northeast corner of School and Washington Streets stands a quaint little building, erected in 1712, where, commercially speaking, much of the Boston fiction has had its beginnings. This is the old Corner Bookstore, fifty years ago "a nervous centre of the growing literary system, where," says a contemporary writer, "Mr. Fields played destiny to the association of authors and launched the second volume of the *Atlantic*, the first that bore his imprint." Perhaps it is not generally remembered that this magazine owes its name to Holmes. A favourite haunt was this bookstore of the genial Autocrat, who in alluding to it once wrote: "I never can go into that famous 'Corner Bookstore' and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about. . . . The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two,

perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or sentence, in these momentary glances between the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten."

V. WHEN COMMERCIAL BOSTON WAS RESIDENTIAL

THE commercial section of the Boston of to-day differs from the Boston of fifty years ago as much, perhaps, as the city of the middle of the nineteenth century had changed from the town of wooden houses of the Revolutionary era. Modern enterprise has transformed the old streets, while a whole and entirely new Boston has risen on land which was submerged by every tide and where in fresh winds the salt whitecaps rolled and tumbled oftentimes to the destruction of the viaduct of the railroads which had boldly bridged the waste of waters which surrounded the almost inland city. In the beginning of its life Boston was essentially a commercial town and its inhabitants looked to the sea for their

bread and for their riches. The wealth of its people was in ships above and far above everything else. With the broadening of its scope as the profits from manufacturing came to the front, the relative importance of its commercial interests declined, and the residences of its wealthiest citizens, instead of clinging along the water front, where tall masts could be seen from the windows and where the smell of tar constantly greeted the resident, pushed toward the westward, as if the salt water had become of less interest.

Beginning our rambles in this section of the city at Fort Hill Square we recall the days of *The Rebels* when the spot was not the level square we find it, but a hill eighty feet high and well fortified. After the Revolution the hill, crowned with its park and stately mansions, as well as the streets at its foot or which crawled up its steep sides, were the birthplaces of the older generation of aristocratic present-day Bostonians. In imagination we climb to its summit to find, as described in *Pirate Gold*,

the home of Miss Abigail Dowse which stood where the sea breezes blew fresh through the white June roses in the garden.

Leaving the Square and wandering westward through High Street we come upon Pearl Street, where, near High, once stood (1822-1849) the Athenæum, a most interesting picture of which is preserved for us in the pages of Holmes's *A Mortal Antipathy*. "In those days," he reminisces, "the Athenæum Picture Gallery was a principal centre of attraction to young Boston people and their visitors. Many of us got our first idea of art, to say nothing of our first lessons in the comparatively innocent flirtations of our city's primitive period, in that agreeable resort of amateurs and artists. How the pictures on those walls in Pearl Street do keep their places in the mind's gallery! Trumbull's Sortie of Gibraltar, with red enough in it for one of our sunset afterglows; and Neagle's full-length portrait of the blacksmith in his shirt sleeves; and Copley's long waistcoated gentle-

men and satin-clad ladies—they looked like gentlemen and ladies, too; and Stuart's florid merchants and high-waisted matrons; and Allston's lovely Italian scenery and dreamy, unimpassioned women, not forgetting Florimel in full flight on her interminable rocking-horse, —you may still see her at the Art Museum; and the rival landscapes of Doughty and Fisher, much talked of and largely praised in those days; and the Murillo,—not from Marshal Soult's collection; and the portrait of Annibale Caracci by himself, which cost the Athenæum a hundred dollars; and Cole's allegorical pictures, and his immense and dreary canvas, in which the prostrate shepherds and the angel in Joseph's coat of many colors look as if they must have been thrown in for nothing; and West's brawny Lear tearing his clothes to pieces. But why go on with the catalogue, when most of these pictures can be seen either at the Athenæum building in Beacon Street or at the Art Gallery, and admired or criticised perhaps more justly, certainly not

more generously, than in those earlier years when we looked at them through the japanned fish-horns?"

If we turn from here into Pearl Place which runs through to Oliver Street we can conjure up the residence of Mrs. Clymer Ketchum (Holmes's *The Guardian Angel*), for this was undoubtedly the locality described in the novel as Carat Place. Many things transpired in this house, notably the party given for Myrtle at which dear old Master Byles Gridley, Gifted Hopkins and Clement Lindsay were exhibited as lions. "Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, though her acquaintances were chiefly in the world of fortune and of fashion, had yet a certain weakness for what she called clever people. She therefore always variegated her parties with a streak of young artists and writers, and a literary lady or two; and, if she could lay hands on a first-class celebrity, was as happy as an Amazon who had captured a Centaur. . . . She knew how to give a party. Let her only have *carte blanche* for flowers, music and

champagne, she used to tell her lord, and she would see to the rest. . . He needn't be afraid: all he had to do was to keep out of the way. . . Labour was beautifully subdivided in this lady's household. It was old Ketchum's business to make money and he understood it. It was Mrs. K.'s business to spend money, and she knew how to do it." Somewhere near here was the fashionable boarding school which Myrtle attended "where there were some very good instructors for girls who wished to get up useful knowledge in case they might marry professors or ministers."

Parallel with Pearl Street and next to it runs Congress Street originally called Green Lane, but known as Atkinson Street when this section of the town was residential. Here, not far from Milk Street, was, says Holmes, in his novel *A Mortal Antipathy*, "a large, square painted brick house, in which lived a leading representative of old-fashioned coleopterous Calvinism, and from which emerged one of the liveliest of literary butterflies. The father

was editor of the 'Boston Recorder,' a very respectable but far from amusing paper, most largely patronized by that class of the community which spoke habitually of the first day of the week as 'the Sabbuth.' The son was the editor of several different periodicals in succession, none of them over severe or serious, and of many pleasant books, filled with lively descriptions of society, which he studied on the outside with a quick eye for form and colour, and with a certain amount of sentiment, not very deep but real, though somewhat frothed over by his worldly experiences." These two men were Nathaniel Willis and his more widely known son Nathaniel P. Willis, described by Holmes as something between a remembrance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde.

From Congress Street continuing through High Street we come next to Federal, of interest to the fictional rambler because here was that old building — a terra-cotta manufactory where Grant Herman (Arlo Bates's *The*

Pagans) had his studio. "It was a great n
shapen place, narrow, half a hundred feet lo
and disproportionately high, with undress
brick walls and cement floor. The upper h
of one of the end walls was taken up with lar
windows, before which were drawn dingy c
tains. Here and there about the place were sc
tered modeling-stands, water-tanks mount
upon rude tripods, casts, and the usual lumber
a sculptor's studio; while upon the walls we
stuck pictures, sketches and reproductions
all sorts of capricious groupings. In one c
ner a flight of stairs led to a gallery high
against the wall, over the rude railing of whi
looked the heads of a couple of legless statu
From this gallery the stairs continued to asce
until a door near the roof was reached, leadi
to unknown regions well up in the buildi
behind which the studio had been built as
afterthought. On shelves were confusedly d
posed dusty bits of bronze, plaster, coarse p
tery and rare glass; things valueless and thin
beyond price standing in careless fellowsh

A canvas of Corot looked down upon a grotesque, grimacing Japanese idol, a beautiful bronze reproduction of a vase of Michael Angelo stood shoulder to shoulder with a bean-pot full of tobacco; a crumpled cravat was thrown carelessly over the arm of a dancing faun, while a cluster of Barye's matchless animals were apparently making their way with great difficulty through a collection of pipes, broken modeling-tools, faded flowers and loose papers. Everywhere it was evident that the studio of Herman differed from heaven in at least its first law."

In his description of this Mr. Bates permits himself one of his rare drawings "from the model." The original, the studio of Bartlett, the well-known sculptor, was the fascinating place pictured in the novel. Here, many a night in conclave gay gathered that brilliant group of men typical of the finest spirit of Bohemianism as lived twenty years ago in Boston by such men as Bartlett, Hunt and George Fuller — friends and associates of Mr. Bates

whom it is natural to suppose were more or l
in his mind when he created *The Pagans.*

In an old house in Federal Street Miss I
cretia and other members of the aristocra
Daintry family (James's *A New England W*
ter) were born in the early part of the last c
tury. This locality in its modern commerc
aspect is identified with *The Rise of Si*
Lapham, for here was his counting-room a
the warehouses where the redoubtable Colo
carried on his mineral paint business. "T
streets were all narrow and most of th
crooked in that quarter of the town; but at t
end of one the spars of a vessel pencil
themselves delicately against the cool blue
the afternoon sky. The air was full of a sm
pleasantly compounded of oakum, of leath
and of oil. . . The cobblestones of the pa
ment were worn with the dint of ponderc
wheels, and discoloured with iron rust fr
them; here and there, in wandering strea
over its surface, was the grey stain of the s
water with which the street had been sprinkle

Turning back from Federal through High, we come into Summer Street, famed as the most beautiful residential thoroughfare of its day in Boston. In writing of this neighbourhood in *Hitherto* Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney reminds us that those were the days "when the city was not conglomerate but individual, and there were houses of home quiet in cool, watered streets and unprofaned 'Places,' where vines covered the house fronts and caged birds sang in the windows, and great crowns of forest trees surged up among the chimneys." Boston, she says, was in her pleasant young matronhood then. Near Church Green at the intersection of Bedford and Summer Streets — the triangular piece of land, on which then stood a church, is now solidly built over by wholesale stores — lived the Holgates (*Hitherto*) with a charming garden at the back of their house. In much of her Boston fiction Mrs. Whitney describes city life with a rural flavour.

Washington Street, busiest of thoroughfares, into which Summer leads, in its shopping dis-

trict fifty years ago is referred to in Mrs. Wh
ney's *Hitherto* as "dear old mixed-up Wa
ington Street, where everything was small a
wedged together and you knew your way
the angles and corners, and nothing stared c
at you through great plate glass, but you mu
know enough to begin with to go in and e
quire." That priggish young hero of Mr. Hen
James's *A New England Winter*, Florimo
(who owed his romantic name to the fact th
everyone was reading ballads in Boston at t
time he was born, and his mother had fou
the name in a ballad), in walking throu
Washington Street observed that "supreme
the thoroughfare was the rigid groove of t
railway, where were oblong receptacles of fa
ulous capacity, governed by familiar citizer
jolted and jingled eternally, close on each ot
er's rear, absorbing and emitting innumerab
specimens of a single type. The road
either side was traversed periodically by t
sisterhood of shoppers laden with satche
and parcels and protected by a round-back

policeman." Though this was as seen by Florimond twenty years ago, it remains an exact picture of the street to-day.

Mr. Howells, in *A Woman's Reason*, makes a characteristic comment in writing of this locality when he says: "There is doubtless more shopping in New York or London or Paris, but in these cities it is dispersed over a larger area, and nowhere in the world perhaps has shopping such an intensity of physiognomy as in Boston. It is unsparingly sincere in its expression. It means business, and the sole business of the city seems to be shopping."

This street produced a most unpleasant effect upon the hero of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* when he awoke from his long sleep to the Boston of the nineteenth century. "I reached Washington Street at the busiest point, and there I stood and laughed aloud, to the scandal of the passers-by. For my life I could not have helped it, with such a mad humour was I moved at sight of the interminable rows of stores on either side, up and

down the street as far as I could see — scores of them, to make the spectacle more utterly preposterous — within a stone's throw devoted to selling the same sort of goods. Stores! stores! stores! miles of stores! Ten thousand stores to distribute the goods needed by this one city, which in my dream had been supplied with all things from a single warehouse, as they were ordered through one great store in every quarter, where the buyer, without waste of time or labour, found under one roof the world's assortment in whatever line he desired."

Leaving the shopping district and proceeding eastward we approach, at the corner of Washington and Milk streets, that hallowed spot where stands the Old South Church, one of the oldest monuments in Boston. So splendidly historical a thing was not to be ignored by the poet and novelist. Sings Dr. Holmes:

Full sevenscore years our city's pride —
The comely southern spire —
Has cast its shadow, and defied
The storm, the foe, the fire.

"Full sevenscore years our city's pride--
The comely southern spire—
Has cast its shadow, and defied
The storm, the foe, the fire."
—*Holmes.*

In the eighteenth century the people of Lydia M. Child's *Rebels* listened with varied emotions to the deafening clang from the steeple which was part of the celebration of the repeal of the Stamp Act. And Cooper's British Lionel Lincoln on his return to Boston had his first glimpse of the edifice — known throughout New England with a species of veneration — when led there by Job Pray, who said: "This is what you call a church, though I call it a meetin' 'us. . . . It's no wonder you don't know it, for what the people built for a temple the King has turned into a stable." On entering, Cooper tells us, Lionel was amazed to find he stood in an area fitted for the exercise of the cavalry. The naked galleries and many of the original ornaments were standing; but the accommodations below were destroyed, and in their places the floor had been covered with earth for the horses and their riders to practice in the cavesson. "The abominations of the place even now offended his senses, as he stood on that spot where he remembered so

often to have seen the grave and pious colonists assemble in crowds to worship." This is what is meant by the last line on the tablet now in front of the church, which in its entirety reads:

OLD SOUTH.

CHURCH GATHERED IN 1669.
FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN 1670.
THIS HOUSE ERECTED 1729.
DESECRATED BY BRITISH TROOPS, 1775–6.

Chaplain J. J. Kane chooses this old landmark whereon to hang his weird tale, *Ilian; or the Curse of the Old South Church of Boston*, which, as he says, is the story of a great crime and the punishment meted out to the guilty — in the narration of which he apparently drew inspiration from every quarter of the globe and the oceans of the world, which he takes pleasure in mentioning at length in his introduction, written in 1888 on board the U. S. flagship Pensacola. The porch of the church is the scene of many secret meetings between

Professor Homerand, of this novel, and the beautiful Southern spy, Helen Claymuire, of South Carolina, frequently at an hour when the bell tolled midnight. Here, frenzied at the thought that the Professor meant to marry Miss Rathmire, the Southern woman called down the malediction of retributive divine justice upon their union. It was a terrible curse — prophetic of accumulated miseries — and with it she left him. "He looked up at the face of the clock to find pity there, but the square steeple only frowned down upon him, as if to corroborate the fearful words just spoken."

All of which did not prevent this Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde sort of man from marrying Miss Rathmire on the day appointed. "At noon the bell in the steeple of the Old South Church rang out a wedding refrain, and the edifice was packed to overflowing. After the ceremony, in the porch of the church, the bridegroom was destined to encounter his former love standing . . . like a statue of the goddess Athena,

calm, dignified and haughty, with a look
scorn that pierced to the soul of the guil
man." How the curse affected the life of t
Professor, all who run may read in the pages
Ilian. Emerging from the porch—by Cha
lain Kane so darkly shadowed—into the su
shine of the street, it is charming to look
and imagine what, no doubt, the poet N.
Willis saw:

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.

In Colonial days the Old South stood
most under the windows of the dignified Pro
ince House, the residence of many of th
royal governors. This ancient abode w
standing as late as 1864 on the site of what
now Province Court and was originally su
rounded by fine lawns and trees as shown
the illustration. Hawthorne, who weaves fo
fanciful legends about it—*Howe's Masquerad*
Edward Randolph's Portrait, *Lady Eleanor*
Mantle, and *Old Esther Dudley*—thus describ
it in his day: "Entering an arched passag

"The square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible."—*Hawthorne's "Legends of the Province House."*

which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston into a

small and secluded courtyard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South." This Indian was carved by Deacon Shem Drowne, to whom, as the hero of one of Hawthorne's tales, allusion has been made.

In earlier times than this the historic mansion is to be seen in festival attire if we go with Captain Somerville, the Osbornes and Dr. Willard of *The Rebels*, who, walking out to witness the celebration of the repeal of the stamp act, stop opposite the Province House to examine the fanciful devices that had been prepared, in the eagerness of gratitude and joy. A full-length picture of Liberty hurling a broken chain to the winds particularly attracted their attention. Another picture of this interesting house we have in Mr. Chamber's

Cardigan when on a rainy night "the Governor was giving a play and a supper to the wealthy Tory families of Boston and to all the officers of the British regiments quartered in the city. . . . The stony street echoed with the clatter of shod horses, the rattle of wheels, the shouts of footmen, and the bawling of chair-bearers. In the Province House fiddlers were fiddling, . . . in the street we could hear them plainly and the sweet confusion of voices and a young girl's laughter."

VI. IN TREMONT STREET AND MUSIC HALL

DIRECTLY north of the Province House, and like it now demolished, stood in Tremont Street, at the corner of Beacon, the Tremont House, where Thackeray, Dickens and other foreign notables stayed, and which, Dickens said, "had more galleries, colonnades, piazzas and passages than he could remember or the reader would believe." He has left us a most

amusing account of the first order he gave at this hotel:

"Dinner, if you please," said I to the waiter.

"When?" said the waiter.

"As quick as possible," said I.

"Right away?" said the waiter.

After a moment's hesitation I answered, "No," at a hazard.

"*Not* right away?" cried the waiter, with an amount of surprise that made me start.

I looked at him doubtfully, and returned, "No; I would rather have it in this private room. I like it very much."

At this I really thought the waiter must have gone out of his mind; as I believe he would have done but for the interposition of another man, who whispered in his ear, "Directly."

"Well! and that's a fact!" said the waiter, looking helplessly at me: "Right away."

I saw now that "Right away" and "Directly" were one and the same thing. So I reversed my previous answer, and sat down to dinner ten minutes afterward; and a capital dinner it was.

John T. Trowbridge, in his novel *Martin Merrivale*, tells us that the hero had an unsatisfactory meeting with his uncle at the Tremont House, while it is further invested with

literary interest from the fact that in one of its private rooms were held, in the forties, the meetings of "The Jacobins' Club," humourously so dubbed by the literary men of which it was formed—radical thinkers and reformers, all of them. In literature these men, says a recent writer, "were essayists, ready to overhaul art, science, philosophy and theology with improved microscopes."

The side windows of the Tremont House overlooked the Granary Burying-ground—a burial-ground, according to a Western humourist, being "part and parcel of all Boston hotels." Bynner's hero, Sir Harry Frankland, attended the burial in the Granary ground of Mr. Peter Faneuil, and nearby is the grave of young Benjamin Woodbridge, beside which the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress mourned so sentimentally. "The grey squirrels," says the Autocrat, "were looking out for their breakfasts, and one of them came toward us in the light, soft, intermittent leaps, until he was close to the rail of the burial-ground. He was

on a grave with a broad blue slate stone at its head and a shrub growing on it. Stop before

"Stop before we turn away and breathe a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin Woodbridge's dust. Love killed him, I think. . . . The Schoolmistress dropped a rosebud she had in her hand, through the rails, upon the grave."—"*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*"

we turn away and breathe a woman's sigh over poor Benjamin Woodbridge's dust. Love killed him, I think. . . . The Schoolmistress dropped

a rosebud she had in her hand, through the rails, upon the grave." In *The Pagans* of Arlo Bates we find Fenton, from one of the windows of his studio, admiring the tops of the trees of the old Granary ground opposite. This interesting burying-ground gets its name from the town granary which in the early days it surrounded.

Across from here a little eastward stands Tremont Temple, to-day a new edifice in place of the one in which, in *The Bostonians*, Henry James writes: "The only thing that was still actual for Miss Birdseye was the elevation of the species by the reading of Emerson and the frequentation of Tremont Temple." And in another part of the novel he tells us that Verena Tarrant's mother had no higher ambition for her daughter than she should marry a person connected with public life — which meant for Mrs. Tarrant that his name would be visible in the lamplight, on a coloured poster, in the doorway of Tremont Temple.

To the initiated the place recalls the man,

a musical eccentric, who under a thin disgui
figures as Killings in *Martin Merrivale.* H
made himself notorious in the Boston of h
day by purchasing at auction in Tremo
Temple the first ticket sold for Jenny Lin
concert, for which he paid the fabulous pri
of $625. This so roused public curiosity th
his hitherto slimly attended concerts we
crowded, and his seemingly reckless expen
ture of money proved the good investment
intended. In speaking recently of this man
the prototype of Killings—Mr. Trowbrid
said that many Bostonians would recall certa
posters which flooded such shop windows
would take them during Jenny Lind's sta
Very large and highly coloured posters th
were, representing a group of three figures
the central one, Jenny Lind, flanked by P.
Barnum, her manager, in the act of presenti
to her with a great flourish the man to who
her song was "beyond the dreams of av
rice." In *Martin Merrivale* Killings al
figured as publisher and editor of the Lit

ary Portfolio, which existed in fact as the Literary Museum.

Near Tremont Temple, with entrances in Hamilton place, School and Winter Streets, is the Music Hall, recently descended to the level of variety shows, but for many years a distinctive institution not to be overlooked by any novelist wishing to portray Boston faithfully. "As all the world knows," says Henry James, in *The Bostonians*, "the opportunities in Boston for hearing good music are numerous and excellent, and it had long been Olive's practice to cultivate the best. She went in, as the phrase is, for the superior programmes, and in the high, dim, dignified Music Hall which has echoed in its time so much eloquence and so much melody, and of which the very proportions and colour seem to teach respect and attention, shed the protection of its illuminated cornice upon no faces more intelligently upturned than those of Olive and Verena."

This was the hall daringly engaged for Verena's début, by Olive, who felt it was the

only temple in which the votaries of their creed could worship. Brainy little Dr. Prance described the place as pretty big, but not so big as Olive Chancellor's ideas — ideas for the emancipation of her sex, destined to be ruthlessly crushed by the masculinity of the determined Basil Ransom. Who does not remember how, suddenly coming to Boston for Verena, her found her appearance in Music Hall immensely advertised. "As he gazed down the vista, the approach for pedestrians which leads out of Winter Street, he thought it looked expectant and ominous." And that night we know the impatient audience called in vain for Verena, who never made the great speech which was to liberate her sex from bondage, but was literally snatched bodily from the anteroom by her masterful lover, who dramatically whirled her off to live for him instead of for the "cause."

It was during a Symphony concert in Music Hall that Truth Dexter in the novel of that name, inwardly tortured by the thought that

"As he gazed down the vista, the approach for pedestrians . . . he thought it looked expectant and ominous."—*Henry James's "The Bostonians."*

her husband did not love her, was taken ill and rushed precipitately from the building. To these Saturday evening concerts accompanied, after he went blind, by the ever devoted Kate, came Dan Howard, whom Miss Frothingham makes appeal so tremendously to our sympathies in *The Turn of the Road.* As Mrs. Staggchase's guest (Arlo Bates's *The Philistines*) Miss Marrivale is taken to the concerts "where a handful of people gathered to hear the music, and all the rest of the world crowded for the sake of having been there."

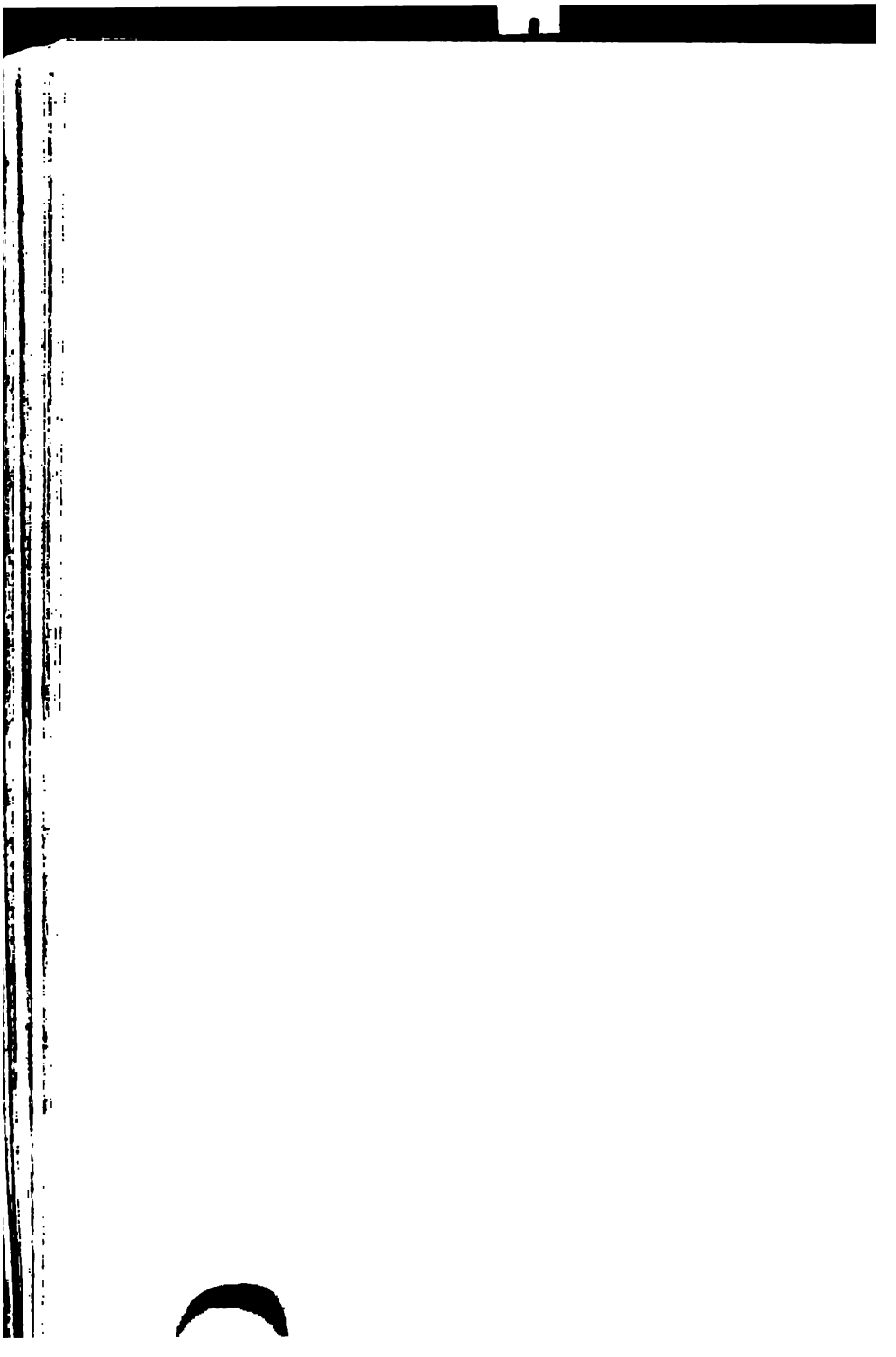
These concerts are always preceded by a public rehearsal on Friday afternoons, which, in *Her Boston Experiences*, Margaret Allison assures us no one enjoys, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but every one respects, exalts, bends the knee, imbibes — yea, even unto the state of worship known at Beyreuth. Another novelist, Eliza Orne White, in her clever portrayal of a typical young woman of the Hub, unhesitatingly declares that Mary (*Miss Brooks*) went to the rehearsals from a

sense of duty mingled with a desire to see her friends. John Graham, whom she dragged along, owned frankly to himself that he went to see Mary. It was only Janet, of the Brooks family, who really loved the music which "exalted her, and made her feel there was no heroic deed she could not do." Though the affair was called a lecture, in accordance with the time-honoured custom of Boston, Crawford would have us understand it was a political speech his hero, *An American Politician*, made there. In his audience was a little colony of Beacon Street. "It is not often that Beacon Street goes to such lectures, but John was one of themselves."

In Tremont Street, only a few steps away from old Music Hall (the new one, called Symphony Hall, is out in Huntington Avenue), is the Studio Building, once the working place exclusively of artists, but now encroached upon by business in one form or another. Two of Arlo Bates's *Pagans*, Arthur Fenton and Tom Bently, had studios there, where in reality oc-

curred, recently said Mr. Bates in discussing this novel, far more brilliant and original talk among the actual *Pagans* than is the imaginary conversation he makes for them. Bently's studio, says the novelist, was the envy of all his brother artists with its " stuffs from Algiers, rugs from Persia and Turkey ; weapons from Tripoli and India and Tunis ; musical instruments from Egypt and Spain ; antiques from Greece and Germany and Italy ; and pottery from everywhere." Differing, but equally luxurious was Fenton's, where much that was dramatic in the book occurs.

ABOUT BOSTON



I. CAMBRIDGE AND LEXINGTON

SURROUNDING the Three-hilled City are what may some time become part of it, but now, and even more years ago, were communities having an independent existence, yet closely united to the metropolis. Dorchester Heights, historic as the commanding eminence on which the Americans erected their batteries to drive the British fleet from the harbour, has become in these later days South Boston; the pudding-stone region of Roxbury and the ancient Charlestown have joined as a part of the greater city, while Cambridge — "old Cambridge," as its many lovers fondly call it — remains an independent community.

Our grandfathers tell us that before the

days of the railroads when communication was over the highways, the teamsters hauling freight to and from Boston were wont to spend the night at Cambridge or Roxbury before and after leaving the city, thereby enabling them to appear in town in the very early morn as well as to make a fresh start at dawn well away from the cobble-stone pavement of the centre of business. Consequently at the "Neck" which connected Boston with Roxbury, at the west end of Cambridge bridge, and at a point on the Mill Dam where it intersected with a road to Brookline, there developed such clusters of buildings as might be the natural growth of business from such a source. Small taverns surrounded by piazzas; huge barns and stables which rambled off into a wilderness of open sheds; blacksmith's shops with open doors, smoking forges, ringing anvils and stamping horses; wheelwrights, harness makers, coopers and cobblers carrying on their trades in the humble frame buildings which were the homes of these artizans. Of

such primitive little centres of business there are few traces to-day, but from them grew the closely built streets of Cambridge-port and the busy traffic of the extreme South End.

The old Cambridge of colonial days forms the setting for Bynner's *Penelope's Suitors.* Penelope Pelham, who existed in fact as well as in fiction, was a charming young woman who came from the old England to the New in 1638 and married, under rather unusual circumstances, Governor Bellingham. The novelist, in journalistic form, has her tell us that on landing she went "straightway to brother William's plantation at Cambridge, which is three miles and over from the town of Boston. He hath a large plantation and a fine house, with a troop of people, amongst which are several blackamoors." In the beautiful garden of this estate the Governor declared his love to Penelope, whose fiancé, Buckley, made a dramatic scene by appearing at an inopportune moment. Penelope was married to Governor

Richard Bellingham in 1641 and survived him many years, dying in Boston in 1702.

Another of Bynner's heroines, Agnes Surriage, frequently went with Sir Harry Frankland to Cambridge, and is quite as much identified with Hobgoblin Hall, not far away — the finest estate of its time in New England. The grand old mansion, confiscated at the time of the Revolution, is still standing and well worth a trip to Medford to see. Agnes and the Collector, the novelist tells us, went there many a time to wait upon Mistress Penelope Royall.

Fictional interest in Cambridge centres in and about Harvard Square, with a ramble westward as far as Mount Auburn. Of the University peopled with fictitious students whose haunts we wish to discover, much will be told in the following chapter. For the moment the town itself as the novelists have depicted it, occupies us.

"Cambridge," says Mr. Pier in *The Pedagogues*, "is romantic in much the same way as

"—a horseback ride to Medford, to wait upon Mistress Penelope Royall at her father's grand old mansion, confiscated at the Revolution, but standing to this very day."—*Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."*

Rome is modern. One never really thinks of it being so, and yet it is. Rome is overshadowed by its past: Cambridge is made oppressively real by the proximity of Boston. Cambridge is, after all, not a city: it is a soul."

The charming atmosphere of the old university town was strongly felt by Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who remarks in *The Barclays of Boston*, that the Gordons, fresh from the splendour and magnificence of foreign courts, preferred the quiet simplicity of a Cambridge life to the more pretentious one of a city. "There is an equality and evenness in the condition of all the society connected with the University which completely extinguishes all striving for what is perpetually in the mouths of our people."

In his *Suburban Sketches* Mr. Howells gives many a delightful glimpse of rural Cambridge as he found it when he went there to live. "It was very quiet," he tells us. "We called one another to the window if a large dog went by our door; and whole days passed without the

movement of any wheels but the butcher's upon our street, which flourished in flag weed and buttercups and daisies and in the autumn like the borders of nearly all the streets in Charlesbridge, with the pallid azure flame of the succory." He dwells, too, on the climate, so disagreeable in the winter, so lovely in the spring. "Then, indeed, Charlesbridge appeared to us a kind of Paradise. The wind blew all day from the southwest and all day in the grove across the way the orioles sang to their nestlings." The beauty and witchery of the Cambridge spring is a theme on which all the novelists writing of this locality wax eloquent.

Leading into Harvard Square is the avenue now called Massachusetts, the Cambridge residential part of which Henry James describes in *The Bostonians* as a street "fringed on either side with villas offering themselves trustfully to the public. . . The detached houses had, on top, little cupolas and belvederes, in front pillared piazzas—on either side

"Thou hast reached the spot where moulder the bones of one who long supported thee."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln"*

"—our Campo Santo has antiquity and a proper quaintness."—*Howells's "Doorstep Acquaintance."*

a bow window or two, and everywhere an embellishment of scallops, brackets, cornices and wooden flourishes. They stood for the most part on small eminences lifted above the impertinence of hedge or paling, well up before the world with all the good conscience which in many cases came from a silvered number affixed to the glass above the door."

Off this avenue was the temporary lair of Dr. Tarrent (*The Bostonians*), "a wooden cottage, with a rough front yard, a little naked piazza facing upon an unpaved road, in which the footway was overlaid with a strip of planks. These planks were embedded in ice or liquid thaw, according to the momentary mood of the weather, and the advancing pedestrian traversed them in the attitude, and with a good deal of the suspense of a rope dancer." In Monadnoc Place a sightless, soundless, interspaced embryonic region was the dismal residence of the mesmeric healer.

Just beyond the college yard, northwestward in Garden Street, stands the historic old Christ

Church, the graveyard of which is of fic
interest as being the spot where I
(Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln*) under excitin
gruesome conditions, told Lionel the st
story of his parentage. "Thou hast rea
the spot," dramatically announced the old
"where moulder the bones of one who
supported thee. Unthinking boy, that
legious foot treads on thy mother's gr
The rambler will look in vain for this ficti
grave, but there are many actual ones of
est, notably that of Madame Vassall
was one of the family whom Agnes
the Collector (*Agnes Surriage*) visite
Hobgoblin Hall. She lived in the
sion now known as the Longfellow H
and the poet pays his tribute to the
lady:

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust in her beautiful eyes;
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is as white as hers.

"Know Old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so? I was, too;
Born in a house with a gambrel roof."
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Nearby, on what is now a part of the grounds of the Law School building, stood (until 1884) the 'gambrel-roofed house" which was the birthplace of the Autocrat, and in Revolutionary days the headquarters of General Artemus Ward — where many stirring military incidents occurred. Lovingly and lengthily the Autocrat writes of this house in *A Mortal Antipathy* while everyone is familiar with his description of it in his poem *Parson Turrell's Legacy.*

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do—
Born there? Don't say so! I was too.
(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,—
Standing still, if you must have proof.—
"Gambrel?—Gambrel?"—Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—
First great angle above the hoof,—
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)

One of his most famous poems, "Old Ironsides," was written here.

Across the way in Garden Street is the historic old Washington elm gazed upon with awe by Mr. Pier's pedagogues, and immortal-

"Eighty years have passed, and more
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free."
—*Holmes's "Under the Washington Elm."*

ized—like so much else of the old town which he loved—by the Autocrat.

THE LONGFELLOW MANSION

"Once, ah! once within these walls
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt."
—*Longfellow.*

In this locality lived one summer two of *The Pedagogues*, Jessie and Gorch, in a square brown house in which they had taken rooms. A vine-screened porch extending across the front of the house became the stage on which much of this serio-comic story was played. *The Pedagogues* in their hours of recreation made frequent excursions to hallowed scenes. We find them plucking sprigs from Longfellow's hedge in front of the beautiful old mansion and lingering in the park across the way —the field, now called Longfellow's garden, a memorial to the poet who during his lifetime kept it open that he might have an unobscured view of the landscape and the Charles River, which he loved and which winds in and out of so much of his verse.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River,
Many a lesson deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Beyond Longfellow's, in the same street, is the Brattle house, for a time the home of Mar-

garet Fuller, while here roomed the histc
and novelist Motley during his Har
years.

The Pedagogues also made pilgrimage:
Elmwood, where, we are told, they derive
certain satisfaction from peering through
fence at Lowell's house. From here t
found it but a short distance to Mount Aub
for a spear of grass from Longfellow's gr
Mr. Sanderson (*The Barclays of Boston*)
buried in Mount Auburn, where he repo
the novelist says, in a lowly tomb amid blo
ing flowers and cypress trees. In Mr. I
amy's *Looking Backward* we have a pictur
this beautiful cemetery on Decoration
when Julian West and the Bartletts went
there from Boston to "do honour to the m
ory of the soldiers of the North who took
in the war for the preservation of the Unio
the States. The survivors of the war, esco
by military and civic processions and band
music, were wont on this occasion to visit
cemeteries and lay wreaths of flowers u

ELMWOOD

"—they peered through the fence at Lowell's old house."—*Pier's "The Pedagogues."*

the graves of their dead comrades, the ceremony being a very solemn and touching one."

The beautiful avenue called Massachusetts which leads out from Cambridge through Arlington to Concord is richly historic and of interest to the fictional rambler, because over it marched Lincoln, Polworth and other of the redcoats on that memorable night when, far ahead of them, Paul Revere was spreading the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.

* * * * * *

through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night.

Such a scene appealed strongly to the imagination of Hawthorne, who, in *Septimus Felton*, tells us that "There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight. Around the little rude meeting-houses there was here and there the beat of a drum and the assemblage of farmers with their weapons. So all that night there was marching, there was mustering, there was

trouble; and, on the road from Boston, a steady march of soldiers' feet onward, onward into the land whose last warlike disturbance had been when the red Indians trod it."

On the westward road along which the redcoats marched is an old tavern known then and now as the Monroe Tavern — the headquarters of Lord Percy.

Hot Percy goad his slow artillery
Up the Concord road,

sings Lowell. This tavern is described by Mr. Howells in his volume called *Three Villages.*

On Lexington Common, which is said to be as high as the top of Bunker Hill, Pitcairn's troop encountered the minute-men, and Lionel Lincoln, with beating heart, heard shouted by his major:

"Disperse, ye rebels, disperse. Throw down your arms and disperse!"

These memorable words were instantly followed by the reports of pistols and the fatal mandate of "Fire!" when a loud shout arose from the whole body of soldiery, who rushed upon the open green and threw in a close discharge on all before them.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE A. NELSON

"What can that blind quartermaster mean by taking this direction? Does he not see that the meadows are half covered with water?"—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

"There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight."—*Hawthorne's "Septimius Felton."*

MONROE TAVERN—LEXINGTON

"Great God!" exclaimed Lionel, "what is it ye do? Ye fire at unoffending men! Is there no law but force? Beat up their pieces, Polworth; stop their fire."

"Halt!" cried Polworth, brandishing his sword fiercely among his men. "Come to an order, or I'll fell ye to the earth!"

But the excitement which had been gathering to a head for so many hours, and the animosity which had so long been growing between the troops and the people, were not to be repressed at a word. It was only when Pitcairn himself rode in among the soldiers, and, aided by his officers. beat down their arms, that the uproar was gradually quelled, and something like order was again restored. Before this was effected, however, a few scattering shots were thrown back from their flying adversaries, though without material injury to the British.

When the firing had ceased, officers and men stood gazing at one another for a few moments, as if even they could foresee some of the mighty events which were to follow the deeds of that hour. The smoke slowly arose, like a lifted veil, from the green, and, mingling with the fogs of morning, drove heavily across the country, as if to communicate the fatal intelligence that the final appeal to arms had been made. Every eye was bent inquiringly on the fatal green, and Lionel beheld, with a feeling allied to anguish, a few men at a distance writhing and strug-

gling in their wounds, while some five or six bodies lay stretched upon the grass in the appalling quiet of death. Sickening at the sight he turned and walked

LEXINGTON COMMON

"When the firing had ceased, officers and men stood gazing at one another as if even they could foresee some of the mighty events which were to follow the deeds of that hour."—*Cooper's "Lionel Lincoln."*

away by himself, while the remainder of the troops, alarmed by the reports of the arms, were eagerly pressing up from the rear to join their comrades.

THE LEXINGTON MINUTE MAN

A granite stone marks this spot to-day, and nearby is Kitson's spirited statue of Captain John Parker, the Minute-man who said: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless forced upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Mr. Howells writes sympathetically of Lexington village — a little too far from Boston to be strictly suburban in aspect — where, he says, the local feeling is larger than the place. "As Dr. Holmes has remarked (Howells's *Three Villages*), American cities and villages like to think of themselves as the 'good old' this and that; but at Lexington, more than anywhere else out of Italy, I felt that the village was to its people the *patria*."

II. HARVARD

WHEN we consider the University's place in published fiction, how small whatever we may discern is in comparison with the vast jungle of romance it might furnish, if its yearly inpouring of our

youth could tell us of their hearts' desires and their rainbow castles!

Of Harvard in its infancy we learn something from Penelope Pelham (Bynner's *Penelope's Suitors*), who, seeing it in 1638, made note of it in her journal to this effect: "They have here set up a small school, which they call a college, and have made Herbert treasurer thereof." About fifty years later Carew and Courtney (Stimson's *King Noanett*), journeying by canoe from Boston to Springfield, stopped at Cambridge to buy powder and then visited the college. "There was but one building; and on entering it we found no professors, but some eight or ten young fellows, and these were all the students; and they were sitting around smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going up-stairs I said, 'This is certainly a tavern.' They could hardly speak a word of Latin. They took us to the library, where there was nothing in par-

ticular. . . . Then they accompanied us down to the river to hail us off."

In one of his novels (*A Mortal Antipathy*) Holmes comments on the great strides the University took about the middle of the last century. "During all my early years," he says, "our old Harvard Alma Mater sat still and lifeless as the colossi in the Egyptian desert. Then all at once, like the statue in Don Giovanni, she moved from her pedestal. The fall of that 'stony foot' has effected a miracle like the harp that Orpheus played, like the teeth which Cadmus sowed. The plain where the moose and the bear were wandering while Shakespeare was writing Hamlet, where a few plain dormitories and other needed buildings were scattered about in my schoolboy days, groans under the weight of the massive edifices which have sprung up all around them."

Many of the Boston novels touch upon Harvard life, notably Mr. Howells's *April Hopes*, Henry James's *The Bostonians* and Mr. Pier's *The Sentimentalists;* while the

hero of Mr. Wheelwright's *A Child of Century* wrought for many years to obt two pieces of parchment, which entitled him write after his name, " Harvard, A.B., LL. But for fiction dealing more exclusively w the students we must turn to the pages *Fair Harvard*, *Hammersmith*, *Guernd* and more recently *The Prelude and the Pl Harvard Stories*, *Harvard Episodes*, *T Diary of a Freshman*, *The Pedagogues*, a those two capital short stories, *The Coll Club Theatricals*, Warren's *The Girl and Governor* and Owen Wister's *Philosop Four*. *Rollo's Journey to Cambridge*, amusing satire on the Rollo Books, should n be omitted from the list.

Fair Harvard, published anonymously, considered a faithful picture of life at the U versity in the fifties and had a great vog So, too, had *Hammersmith* and *Guernd* which cover a somewhat later period. . three of these novels are read with interest day. The modern Harvard man (Flandi

JOHNSTON MEMORIAL GATE AND HARVARD HALL

"The rectangular structures of old red brick wore an expression of scholastic quietude."—*Henry James's 'The Bostonians.'*

says there is no such thing as the "typical Harvard man") in various phases we find cleverly portrayed by Charles Macomb Flandrau in *Harvard Episodes* and *The Diary of a Freshman;* similar "undergrads" make up Mr. Post's *Harvard Stories.*

When "Uncle George" (*Rollo's Journey to Cambridge*) took Rollo to the University he told him that one of the greatest benefits of a course at Harvard "was that derived from viewing the noble architectural specimens all around him." And though it was not intended Uncle George should be taken seriously, he undoubtedly was genuine in his admiration of buildings which are famous, and about which the novelists write with enthusiasm.

The rambler who would seek out the haunts of fictional students would, naturally enough, upon arriving at Harvard Square turn toward the Yard as the beginning of his tour of investigation. Passing through one of the beautiful memorial gates now in process of construction, it is interesting to recall that at the time

of which Henry James wrote in *The Bostonians* the Yard was enclosed by means of a low rustic fence, "for Harvard," he says, "knows nothing either of the jealousy or the dignity of high walls and guarded gateways." This novelist then pictures the enclosure in the following manner: "The Yard or college precinct is traversed by a number of straight little paths over which, at certain hours of the day, a thousand undergraduates with books under their arms and youth in their step, flit from one school to the other. The rectangular structures of old red brick wore an expression of scholastic quietude, and exhaled a tradition, an antiquity."

An atmosphere distinctly Cantabrigian we find in the opening chapters of a recent novel, *The Prelude and the Play*. The signature, Rufus Mann, is supposed to be the pseudonym of Mrs. Shaler, who, as the wife of Professor Shaler, is well qualified to know whereof she writes. She has slightly disguised her locality by calling the town Canterbury, and many of

"The College yard with its spires, domes, towers and dormitories."—*Rufus Mann's 'The Prelude and the Play.'*

her characters are said to be drawn from persons well known in the University life. But this is so commonly said by the public that authors have ceased to be disturbed by it.

Some of the people in *The Prelude and the Play* lived, we imagine, in Quincy Street about where Professor Shaler's house stands, for the view the author describes is as seen from his windows. From the library Alexandra, the heroine, "looked out upon the college yard, which, with its spires, domes, towers and dormitories, in the gray, light, soft, enshrouding snow, seemed to her partial fancy to wear a look of stately conventual repose. And then, the bell ceasing to clang, from out the lecture rooms crowds of men poured forth. These, falling more or less into professional ranks, clad in long ulsters caused her to think of bands of Benedictine monks; only the frozen landscape forbade the thought of cheering vineyards such as tradition affixes in sunnier lands to the monasteries of the accomplished order."

All the buildings connected with the Uni-

versity were shown to Ransom by Verena (*The Bostonians*) when he went out to Cambridge to see her. He was greatly impressed by the Library, "a diminished copy of the chapel of King's College at the greater Cambridge." This is the library to which Felton (Hawthorne's *Septimus Felton*) came from Concord in search of scientific books relating to his studies. Herrick, in his story *The Man Who Wins* also alludes to it in speaking of one of his hero's ancestors. "The pastor's eloquence waxed into books that are found today on the shelves of the Harvard library, with the University book-plate recording their gift by the author."

Some of the fictitious students are given rooms in the Yard, while as many others are not. Flandrau's men are not often found living there. George Talcott, the hero of *The Prelude and the Play*, roomed in the Yard, but the author does not tell us where; Jack Randolph (*Harvard Stories*) roomed in Thayer; his windows, we are told, commanded

THE LIBRARY

"—a diminished copy of the chapel of King's College, at the greater Cambridge."—*Henry James's* "*The Bostonians.*"

the approaches to Appleton Chapel, about which cluster many college traditions, in and out of fiction.

Some *Hammersmith* fellows, Ayres and Van Courtland, of *Fair Harvard*, and the hero of *April Hopes* lived in Holworthy — "that old hall that keeps its favour with the students in spite of the rivalry of the newer dormitories." Here Mr. Howells shows us the interior of a student's room: "the deep window nooks and easy chairs upholstered in the leather that seems sacred alike to the seats and the shelves of libraries; the æsthetic bookcases, low and topped with bric-à-brac; the etchings and prints on the walls; the foils crossed over the chimney, and the mantel with its pipes, and its photographs of theatrical celebrities tilted about over it — spoke of conditions foreign to Mrs. Pasmer's memories of Harvard."

Conspicuous in *Hammersmith* is Harvard Hall, "with its portraits of placid benefactors of the University smiling down upon many a

lad floundering in an ebbing flood of clas
and consuming his pencil in despair."

Beside Harvard is Massachusetts, also
citation hall, which, like Sever, is identi
with the scenes of Mr. Pier's inimitable n
The Pedagogues, wherein he presents a yo
instructor wrestling with the raw (and e
perating) material of a class in English con
sition and literature in the summer school.
and about these halls the rambler will find t
prototypes any midsummer day. From
South and West come most of these ac
students — gray-haired women, many of th
who expect their instructors — to quote
Pier, "in six short weeks to purge them
provinciality, to give them a catholic ap
ciation of literature, to instruct them in
methods of teaching, and to teach them
write — to write — to write. . . 'My objec
coming here'" (said a fictitious one, and i
the sentiment of most of the actual stude
"'is to learn to be a writer of fiction, prefer
strong and passionate. I am familiar with

HOLWORTHY

"—that old hall which keeps its favor with the students in spite of the rivalry of the newer dormitories."—*Howells's "April Hopes."*

works of Shakespeare, Byron, Ouida and E. P. Roe. I know no other language than my own.'"

It has been conjectured that the experiences of the most satirical of instructors, Alfred Honoré Palantine, were those of his creator, Mr. Pier. This, however, is not the case, as Mr. Pier, though a Harvard man, never taught there.

Between Massachusetts and Harvard Halls is the Tree so prominent in all the Class-day festivities, and to which full justice has been done by all the fictionists who find this fête day an inspiring theme. "What short description can do justice to it!" exclaims the author of *Hammersmith*, and Mr. Howells, in a succession of charming photographs, devotes to it the first seven chapters of *April Hopes*. One of Mr. Flandrau's characters, Beverly Beverly (*A Class Day Idyl*), has a class-day unique, we imagine, in college annals.

In continuing through the Yard on our way to Memorial Hall, we pass the College Pump,

"in warm weather," says a recent writer, of the hardest-worked of all the college b ings." It is affectionately alluded to t novelists, and we half expect to find Ha smith's face under its mouth, "where h cooled his lips so many times, rushing in cricket, or football, or rapid constitutiona in time for recitation."

Passing out through the Yard to Camb Street we come to Memorial Hall, elabo described and scenically used in all the s pertaining to Harvard life. In writing impression that this building made on his sissippian hero of *The Bostonians*, Henry J says: "The Hall was buttressed, cloist turreted, dedicated, superscribed, as he never seen anything; though it didn't old, it looked significant; it covered a area, and it sprang majestic into the winte It was detached from the rest of the colle group, and stood in a grassy triangle own."

Here, in Sander's Theatre, fictional h

deliver their orations and receive their degrees, while Memorial itself on Class-day becomes the scene of gay festivities in the way of spreads and dances. This Hall was erected in memory of the sons of Harvard who died during the civil war. In *Hammersmith* we are given pictures of those stirring times when the students went off to the front amid the cheers and blessings of their classmates. At the end of this novel the author, writing in 1877, says: "Yonder Memorial Hall has written the names of some on its immortal tablets, where the thronging youth of to-day, who come up annually to the old university, may read the bright record and the brightening names. The lives of these will not have been in vain if they shall teach their successors in the happy college walks and ways, consecrated by their heroic feet, that courage, high daring, devoted sacrifice of self, are not alone to be admired among the ancient Greeks and Romans."

How some of these "successors" of Ham-

mersmith and his friends feel about the beautiful Hall is suggested with exquisite feeling by Mr. Flandrau in his story *Wellington*. Haydock, it will be remembered, was taking his mother into Memorial.

The beautiful transept was dark at first, after the sunlight outside. Then it lifted straight and high from the cool dusk into the quiet light of the stained windows. Except for the faint echo of their footsteps along the marble floor, the two moved from tablet to tablet in silence. Somewhere near the south door they stopped, and Phillip said, simply:

"This one is Shaw's."

When they passed on and out, and sat in the shade on the steps, Haydock's mother wiped her eyes. The long, silent roll-call always made her do that.

"It was a great, great price to pay," she said at last.

"I never knew how great," said Phillip, "until I came here one day and tried to live it all over, as if it were happening now. Before then the war seemed fine, and historic, and all that, but ever so far away. It's been real since then. I thought of how all the little groups of fellows would talk about it in the Yard between lectures, and read the morning papers while the lectures were going on; and how the instructors would hate to have to tell them not to.

MEMORIAL HALL

"—buttressed, cloistered, turreted, dedicated, superscribed, as he had never seen anything."—*Henry James's "The Bostonians."*

And I thought what it would be like to have the men I know . . . getting restless and excited, and sitting up all night at the club, and then throwing down their books and marching away to the front to be shot; and how I would have to go along, too, because — well, you couldn't stay at home while they were being shot every day and thrown into trenches. I don't think you ever realize it very much until you think about it that way. . . . But it isn't as though you felt it were all a hideous waste. It did something great; it's doing something now. It can never stop, for every year the new ones come — the ones who don't know yet."

Strolling from Memorial down Kirtland we come to Divinity Avenue, at the end of which is Divinity Hall, where Saulsbury and Hamilton (*Fair Harvard*) lived, "in secure retreat from the world, devoting themselves to study in monastic seclusion. . . . Divinity Hall was built at a time when funereal gloom was deemed essential for the perfect development of the Christian character." Verena Tarrent (*The Bostonians*) knew young men who were studying for the Unitarian ministry in that "queer little barrack at the end of Divinity Avenue."

From here we retrace our steps across the Yard to the Square and thence down Linden Street to the corner of Mount Auburn, where we find Claverly, in which lived Sears Walcott 2nd, Haydock, Fields, Hewitt and other of the men of Mr. Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes.* Many events — comedy and tragedy intermingled — occurred in Claverly, among these men who are clever pen portraits of the Harvard men of to-day. This fictionist deals frankly with the varying aspects of Harvard life about which, as presented by him, the uninitiated will learn much, particularly from the discussion which takes place in that story called *The Chance.*

Around the corner from Claverly in Holyoke Street is the Hasty Pudding Club House, the scene of one of Mr. Post's Harvard stories — *In the Early Sixties.* At this club house Beverly Beverly (Flandrau's *The Class Day Idyl*) spent a wretched quarter of an hour endeavouring to escape from his ridiculous entanglement with that clinging tormentor, "the

Millstone." Hammersmith and Goldie were Pudding men in the days when the club rooms were in Stoughton Hall, up the stairway of which "legions of trembling neophytes have climbed before and since."

III. WESTWARD

FROM Beacon Street in Boston, extending westward, some fifteen years or more ago, was a famous road called the Milldam (now the Beacon Street Boulevard), where lovers of horseflesh were wont to display the points of their favourites and fast trotting was the order of the day. During the winter, in the sleighing season, it became what Bartley Hubbard (Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*) called a carnival of fashion and gaiety on the Brighton road to make a part of which was one of the keenest enjoyments of Colonel Lapham. Not that the "carnival of fashion" appealed to him, but the excitement of speeding his mare was a sensation of which he never wearied.

The Milldam of those days is thus pictured for us by the novelist: "The beautiful landscape widened to right and left of them, with the sunset redder and redder, over the low irregular hills before them. They crossed the Milldam into Longwood; and here, from the crest of the first upland, stretched two endless lines, in which thousands of cutters came and went. Some of the drivers were already speeding their horses, and these shot to and fro on inner lines, between the slowly moving vehicles on either side of the road. . . But most of the people in those elegant sleighs and cutters had so little the air of the great world that one knowing it at all must have wondered where they and their money came from; and the gaiety of the men, at least, was expressed, like that of Colonel Lapham, in a grim, almost fierce alertness; the women wore an air of courageous apprehension. At a certain point the Colonel said, 'I'm going to let her out, Pert,' and he lifted and then dropped the reins lightly on the mare's back. She understood the signal

and, as an admirer said, 'she laid down to her work.' Nothing in the immutable iron of Lapham's face betrayed his sense of triumph as the mare left everything behind her on the road. Mrs. Lapham, if she felt fear, was too busy holding her flying wraps about her, and shield- her face from the scud of ice flung from the mare's heels to betray it; except for the rush of her feet, the mare was as silent as the people behind her; the muscles of her back and thighs worked more and more swiftly, like some mechanism responding to an alien force, and she shot to the end of the course, grazing a hundred encountered and rival sledges in her passage, but unmolested by the policemen, who probably saw that the mare and the Colonel knew what they were about, and, at any rate, were not the sort of men to interfere with trotting like that. At the end of the heat Lapham drew her in, and turned off on a side street into Brookline."

The Colonel was then in the vicinity of the present Country Club, built since his day in

Brookline, and the scene of much of Arlo Bates's *Love in a Cloud.* Here the inconsequential Jack Neligage — one of the few men in Boston, the novelist says, entirely free from any

COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE

"Before the front of the house was a sloping lawn which merged into an open park, here and there dotted with groups of budding trees."—*Arlo Bates's "Love in a Cloud."*

weakness in the way of occupation beyond that of pleasure-seeking — played polo, a game in which he excelled. All the characters in this novel were polo enthusiasts or pretended to be! and the Country Club, dubbed by Mr. Bates "County Club," during the weeks of early

spring was a popular rendezvous. "The exhilaration of the spring day, the pleasure of taking up once more the outdoor life of the warm season, the little excitement which belongs to the assemblage of merry-makers, the chatter, the laughter, all the gay bustle combined to fill the County Club with a joyous atmosphere."

Brookline, the most aristocratic and by many regarded as the most beautiful of the environs of Boston, was the home of that mysterious and unique individual Mr. Austin May (Stimson's *Residuary Legatee*), who, driving to his house on his arrival from Europe, noted that "the road was walled in and roofed over by a dense canopy of foliage borne by arching American elms; and through its green walls, dense as a lane in Jersey, only momentary glimpses were to be had of shaven lawns and quiet country houses. When they came to a gate, with high stone posts, topped by an ancient pair of cannon balls, the carryall turned in. A moment after they had passed the screen of border foliage, May found himself in

the midst of a wide lawn, open to the sunlig but rimmed upon all points of the compass a distant hedge of trees. . . In the centre this stood an elderly brick house, its southe wall quite green with ivy. In front of it wa large pavilion low and stone built, rising wi out apparent purpose from the side of an tificial pool of water, rimmed with rich ban of lilies." How Austin May and May Aus came to dwell together in the old ivy-cover house, must be left to the novelist to tell. U fortunately in the book he does not aid by mention of exact locality to identify t house, yet he assures us that if we drive there, some summer afternoon, we will "nc about the windows those frilled and pleat things that denote the presence of a woma hand."

Out through these country roads tramp Dan, led by Walter (Miss Frothingham's *T Turn of the Road*) on that hideous night wh he went blind. "He was maddened wi physical pain that did not subside with t

loss of sight, and after the long strain of sleepless nights and mental anguish his nerves had given way. He lurched heavily in walk-

THE UPPER CHARLES RIVER—

"where the reflections of its wooded banks and circuitous loveliness remind one of the Thames above Richmond."—*Margaret Allston's "Her Boston Experiences."*

ing, and blamed Walter for letting him stumble, and there were terrible times when he fought for the light with his hands, as a drowning man fights for air. At those moments Walter held him with all his strength and with

a prayer on his lip. The night seemed an æon of chaotic and hideous darkness. It was not till the East grew pale that Dan allowed himself to be forced upon a bench, and, leaning his head against a tree behind him, fell into the unconsciousness of utter exhaustion."

Beyond the scene of this tragedy lie the Newtons (called the Garden City) where the beautiful Charles and a large canoe club furnish boating for hundreds of pleasure-seekers. There Margaret Alston (*Her Boston Experiences*) canoed on the upper Charles, "where the reflections of its wooded banks and circuitous loveliness remind one of the Thames above Richmond."

IV. TOWARD THE BLUE HILLS

HAVING raced over the Milldam with Silas Lapham, an exhilarating sleigh-ride in another direction is open to those who will drive with Craighead and his wife (*Truth Dexter*) "through Boston's circle of clinging parks, Jamaica Plain, Dedham and

Milton, embracing the lofty ledges of the Blue Hills and the heights of Dorchester, where Washington had erected his decisive batteries. . . . Truth felt new life tingle in her veins as she and her husband sped along the shining, slippery roads, the black span under Van's masterly control gradually passing every rival equipage, and the keen sleigh rails throwing showers of hardened snow into the air at every turn or swerve."

The heights of Dorchester which they passed homeward bound are identified with Cooper's Lionel Lincoln, who, with Cecil, aided by Ralph, escaped from here to Boston under the fire of Washington's batteries. "Ralph led his companions by a long and circuitous path to the shores of the bay. Here they found, hid in the rushes of a shallow inlet, a small boat that Lionel recognized as the little vessel in which Job Pray was wont to pursue his usual avocation of a fisherman. Entering it without delay, he seized the oars, and aided by a flowing tide, he industriously urged

it towards the distant spires of Boston. The parting shades of the night were yet struggling with the advance of day, when a powerful flash of light illuminated the hazy horizon, and the roar of cannon, which had ceased toward morning, was heard again. But this time the sound came from the water, and a cloud arose above the smoking harbour, announcing that the ships were again enlisted in the contest. This sudden cannonade induced Lionel to steer his boat between the islands; for the castle and southern batteries of the town were all soon united in pouring out their vengeance on the labourers, who still occupied the heights of Dorchester. . . In short, while he laboured at the oars, Lionel witnessed the opening scene of Breed's acted anew, as battery after battery, and ship after ship, brought their guns to bear on their hardy countrymen, who had once more hastened a crisis by their daring enterprise."

Dorchester is commonly known as the pudding-stone district because of the vast amount

of loose boulder cast about. The legends of the pudding-stone are legion. The Autocrat gives one, and his version of it in a poem called "The Dorchester Giant" in which his inimitable humour has full sway. He says that a giant of old gave to his wife and children a pudding stuffed with plums which in their rage they flung over all the country round about:

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell
And pay for the punch beside.

In Roxbury, which adjoins Dorchester, is standing in Eustis Street what remains of the stately old mansion which, nearly a century and a half ago, was the abode of Governor Shirley, one of the most dis-

tinguished ot the royal governors. Then it stood remote from the highway with a commanding view of the sea, the distant town and surrounding country, perched upon its granite foundation, and approached by an impossible flight of granite steps. Here many of the scenes of the earlier chapters of Bynner's *Agnes Surriage* transpire. Mrs. Shirley, a most gracious woman, interested herself in Frankland's protegée from the beginning and gave her at once the inestimable advantage of her patronage. After the "bare-legged dishevelled little hussey" had taken on some polish we have in the novel a charming account of a musical party here when Agnes was persuaded to sing several ballads to her own accompaniment on the harpsichord. "Even Mrs. Shirley and the Collector, who were aware of her vocal powers, were astonished at the performance; while as for Captain Frankland, who shared his brother's musical taste, it was noted that for the rest of the evening he did not quit the singer's side, and on

THE GOVERNOR SHIRLEY MANSION

"Arriving after a long drive at the Governor's House, they mounted the granite steps and sounded the ponderous knocker."—*Bynner's "Agnes Surriage."*

breaking up was a long time in making his adieux."

Though Kingshaven in Eliza Orne White's *Miss Brooks*, is not intended to be Roxbury, yet here is the beautiful old-fashioned garden described as the Brookses where the family spent so much time, Janet particularly. And there, one beautiful moonlight night, Graham found her sobbing her heart out. "The garden had an aspect of romance and mystery in this half light in striking contrast to its appearance under a midday sun. The carnations and the late roses were etherealized, and a tall bush with a feathery white flower made a delicate frost-work with its graceful branches. There was a touch of fog in the air which brought out a mixture of sweet odours."

Beyond Roxbury is Jamaica Plain, where Mrs. Sam Wyndham (Crawford's *American Politician*) gave her skating party on Jamaica Pond. "The water was covered with a broad sheet of ice that would bear any weight. . . . Two and two, in a certain grace of order, the

little party came out from the shore into the moonlight. A very pretty sight is a moonlight skating party, and Vancouver knew what he was saying when he hinted at the mysterious and romantic influences that are likely to be

JAMAICA POND

"—the water was covered with a broad sheet of ice that would bear any weight."—*Crawford's "An American Politician."*

abroad on such occasions." Mr. Crawford comments on the fact that skating was not at that time fashionable in Boston, so that the Wyndham party had the pond practically to themselves. This would not be their experience to-day, when all during the skating season it is crowded to its utmost capacity, day and evening.

"The garden had an aspect of romance and mystery."—*Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks."*

Keeping on toward the Blue Hills we come to Wallaston, a part of Quincy and of fictional interest because here is Mount Wallaston, the scene of the revels of Hawthorne's *Maypole of Merrymount* and of Motley's *Merrymount*, the latter story being one of the two novels written by the historian.

About 1628 one Captain Wallaston had planted himself in the neighbourhood of the hill, which still perpetuates his name. Thomas Morton, the wily, overthrew him and made himself Lord of Merry-Mount, as he named the place. Says the novelist: "The crepuscular period which immediately preceded the rise of the Massachusetts Colony possesses more of the elements of romance than any subsequent epoch. After the arrival of Winthrop with the charter, the history of the province is as clear as daylight, but during the few previous years there are several characters flitting like phantoms through the chronicles of the time the singularity of whose appearance gives them a certain romantic interest." Such

a character is Motley's hero, Morton, the Lord of Misrule and Sachem of Merrymount, who is also the hero of Hawthorne's story, *The Maypole of Merry Mount.*

In this tale, written before Motley's novel, but which, the novelist-historian tells us, he took pains never to read, Hawthorne has painted for us fantastic facts without need to draw upon his wealth of imagery. The masques, mummeries and festive customs which made the revels of the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May as he describes them, were in accordance with the manners of the age. "All the hereditary pastimes of old England were transplanted hither," he tells us. "The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of St. John they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest-time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of

QUINCEY-BUTLER MANSION—BIRTHPLACE OF "DOROTHY Q"

Indian corn and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the Maypole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest; autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness, which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower; and winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the maypole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendour. Its votaries danced round it, once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner staff of Merry Mount"

In Quincy, of which Wallaston is a part, is a pleasure-ground called Merrymount, after the

home of the Lord of Misrule; but to the fictional rambler Quincy's most interesting landmark is the historic Quincy-Butler mansion, haunted by memories of the bewitching Agnes Surriage, one of the gayest of the guests in a "country excursion to Mr. Quincy's, where the whole party with much merriment took part in catching eels they were to have cooked for supper from the brook at the bottom of the garden." Like the house the brook is still there, and beside it many times, no doubt, sat the celebrated "Dorothy Q.," who was born in the mansion. She, as all the world knows, was the great-grandmother of the Autocrat who, justly proud of her, has added to her laurels by this poem dedicated to her portrait:

Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown;
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the grey-haired son.

"—the stream ran out, sliding noiseless on the shining grasses . . . and alongside lay as pretty a piece of black-loam meadow as was in all the valley."—*Stimson's "King Noanett."*

Farther on toward the Blue Hills we find Dedham. "And this (Stimson's *King Noanett*) was the settlement they called Contentment, for the Bay people were fond of fine names, taken from the Bible or their books of Psalms." Most of this country (about 1670) was then a wilderness and the adventures of Carew and Courtenay, in their endeavour to make a home, and their encounters with the Indians, make a stirring and romantic picture of times little known to the fiction reader until Mr. Stimson created King Noanett.

V. NAHANT AND NANTASKET

OF the many shore places about Boston one of the most beautiful and exclusive is Nahant, on the north shore, an island but for the narrow strip of land that connects it with Lynn. "Cold roast Boston," it was named by "Tom" Appleton, celebrated as a wit of the Hub. "Tom" Appleton has been gathered to his fathers, but his nickname still clings. In *Truth Dexter*, the novelist

tells us that Craighead was most anxious to send his wife down there when the warm weather came on, but "Truth feared the peninsular resort, having heard it spoken of by epicures as 'cold roast Boston.'"

In this aristocratic atmosphere it is natural

"At the foot of the lawn was the cliff; and below, a lovely little pebble beach covered with the most wonderful shells."—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

to find old Mr. Bowdoin (Stimson's *Pirate Gold*) spending his summers, and it is interesting to learn that these summers and all the happy days in them he made for the children are described in the novel as they actually occurred in the life of Mr. Bowdoin's prototype, Mr. Josiah Bradlee. Mercedes, "who came from the sea," never forgot those visits to

Nahant, when, as the steamer reached the wharf, Mr. Bowdoin could be seen usually "running down the hill as if too late, his blue dress coat tails streaming in the wind, his Panama hat in one hand, and a large brown paper bag, bursting with oranges, in the other." In his capacious pockets the children were sure to find Salem "Gibraltars," hard and mouth-filling dainties calculated to fill infantile mouths even as they did the hearts with joy.

When the little visitors arrived at the house they were sent out to play on "a fascinating rocky island in the sea, connected by a neck of twenty yards of pebbles" where they made the most wonderful discoveries. Real candy crystals, pink and white, had been washed into the rocky crevices! Real bunches of hot house grapes grew on the low juniper bushes! Real peg tops and beautiful, rare shells were to be found among the seaweed on the tiny beach! Verily a good fairy was that old gentleman, stretched in a roomy cane chair up on the

piazza, in his hand a spy glass with which he pretended to scan the horizon.

The house on the outer cliff high above the sea where the lovable and eccentric old Mr. Bowdoin passed his summer days, is still standing, and remains in the possession of the Bradlee family.

The Coreys (Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*) always had a house at Nahant, but after letting it for a season or two they found they could get on without it. The people of Mr. Howells's *A Day's Pleasure* had in mind an excursion to Nahant, but they gave the preference to Nantasket because they thought it much better to see the ocean from a long beach, than from the Nahant rocks. Of all these splendid rocks which make the shore so picturesque, the most imposing is Pulpit at the extreme point of the estate of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, whom many persons persist in proclaiming the author of that recent and much discussed anonymous Boston novel *Truth Lexter*. Another Boston literateur who

PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT

"By this time they had come to the outer cliff high above the sea."—*Stimson's "Pirate Gold."*

makes Nahant his summer home is Judge Robert Grant, as a novelist most widely known through his *Unleavened Bread.*

The poet Longfellow was for many years a picturesque figure in the summer life of Nahant, where his sunset reveries were made a "requiem of the dying day" by the ringing of the bells in Lynn.

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O bells of Lynn.

In a social sense as widely separated from Nahant as are the poles is Nantasket, only a few miles away, and a part of summer Boston. In Mr. Howells's *A Day's Pleasure* the party went on one of the steamers down the harbour to this Mecca of tourists, but gave up their expedition to the beach owing to the sudden appearance of an east wind. "While you are saying how lovely it is, a subtle change is wrought, and under skies still blue and a sun still warm the keen spirit of the east wind pierces every nerve, and all the fine weather within you is chilled and extinguished."

The Silas Laphams spent many summers at Nantasket, and Mr. Howells has given us vivid pictures of their surroundings and the trip down to the beach on the boat — a trip familiar to Bostonians and the summer tourist in the Hub. The fiction reader will find it immensely diverting to make this little water journey down the harbour in the society of Colonel Lapham as young Corey so often did. "He had time," says the author, "to buy two newspapers on the wharf before he jumped on board the steamboat with Corey. 'Just made it,' he said; 'and that's what I like to do. I can't stand it to be aboard much more than a minute before she shoves out.' He gave one of the newspapers to Corey as he spoke, and set him the example of catching up a camp stool on their way to that point on the boat which his experience had taught him was the best. He opened his paper at once and began to run over the news, while the young man watched the spectacular recession of the city, and was vaguely conscious of the people about him,

and of the gay life of the water around the boat. The air freshened; the craft thinned in number; they met larger sail, lagging slowly inward in the afternoon light; the islands of the bay waxed and waned as the steamer approached and left them behind." It was always a matter of astonishment to the Colonel where the great crowd of people on the boat came from. "I've been riding up and down on these boats for six or seven years," he said to Corey, "and I don't know but very few of the faces I see on board. Seems to be a perfectly fresh lot every time. Well, of course! Town's full of strangers in the summer season, anyway, and folks keep coming down from the country. They think it's a great thing to get down to the beach, and they've all heard of the electric light on the water, and they want to see it." The author goes on to tell us that there was little style and no distinction among the crowd. "They were people who were going down to the beach for the fun or the relief of it, and were able to afford it. In face

they were commonplace, with nothing but the American poetry of vivid purpose to light them up, where they did not wholly lack fire. But the were nearly all shrewd and friendly-looking, with an apparent readiness for the humourous intimacy native to us all. The women were dandified in dress, according to their means and taste, and the men differed from each other in degrees of indifference to it. To a straw-hatted population, such as ours is in summer, no sort of dignity is possible. We have not even the power over observers which comes from the fantasticality of an Englishman when he discards the conventional dress. In our straw hats and our serge or flannel sacks we are no more imposing than a crowd of boys."

From the pier, where the boat lands, it is but a short drive up the sandy road past the hotels and restaurants to the colony of summer houses, one of which was occupied by the Laphams — "a brown cottage with a vermilion roof and a group of geraniums clutching the

NANTASKET BEACH

"—how it looks at low tide."—*Howells's* "*The Rise of Silas Lapham.*"

rock that cropped up in the loop formed by the road. It was treeless and bare all round, and the ocean, unnecessarily vast, weltered away a little more than a stone's cast from the cottage." Here at the Colonel's solicitation young Corey came frequently to see "the girls," with whom he spent delightful evenings on the veranda in the moonlight, on the rocks, and on the beach which they were much given to frequenting, though Penelope confided to him that they had about exhausted its possibilities. "We have been here so often that we know it all by heart — just how it looks at high tide, and how it looks at low tide, and how it looks after a storm. We're as well acquainted with the crabs and stranded jelly-fish as we are with the children digging in the sand and the people sitting under umbrellas. I think they're always the same, all of them." It was the winsome Penelope, it will be remembered, who captivated Corey, while the family — and Irene, alas! — thought it was the younger girl's beauty that attracted him.

Nantasket forms part of the setting of Mr. Stimson's *Pirate Gold.* At the period of which this novelist writes it was semi-fashionable and our old friend Jamie McMurtagh, the hero of the novel, socially ambitious for his little Mercedes, felt that he had achieved great things when he rented a cottage at this gay watering-place. "To Jamie it was the next thing to Nahant, which was of course out of the question. But the queer old clerk was not fitted to shine in any society, and Mercedes found it hard to make her way alone. They wandered about the beach, and occasionally to the great hotel where there was a hop, of evenings, and listened to the bands; but Mercedes' beauty was too striking and her manners were too independent to inspire quick confidence in the Nantasket matrons; while Jamie missed his pipe and shirt-sleeves after supper." Jamie's only other experience of Nantasket was once years before when he had gone there on a week's vacation, but the outing could scarcely have enlightened him as

to the attractions of the place, for "his principal diversion had been to take the morning steamboat thence to the city, and gaze into the office windows from the wharf."

Mercedes' isolation, however, finally came to an end and her and Jamie's real troubles began when she met at the Rockland House Mr. David St. Clair who "wore kid gloves and a high silk hat — a white waistcoat and a very black moustache. . . His career was shadowy, like his hair. In those days still a moustache bore with it some audacity, and gave a man who frankly lived outside the reputable callings something of the buccaneer. St. Clair called himself a gentleman, but did not pretend to be a clerk, and frankly avowed that he was not in trade. Jamie could not make him out at all. He hoped, indeed, he was a gentleman. Had he been in the old country, he could have credited it better; but gentlemen without visible means of support were, in those days, unusual in Boston."

To end our rambles here is to leave the so-

ciety of a number of interesting characters, among whom are old and valued friends for whose creation we owe the novelist much; the more that they do not seem to us fictitious, but persons of flesh and blood who live and move and have their being in the Hub and, to the imaginative, people the streets of the Boston of yesterday, and the Boston of to-day.

THE END

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